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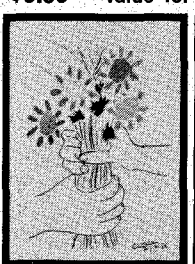

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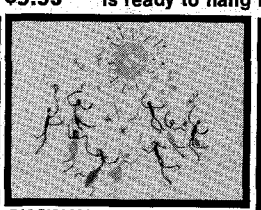

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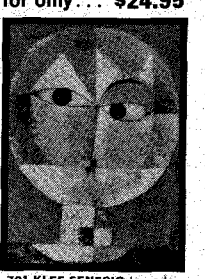

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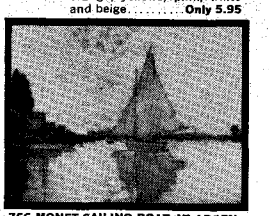

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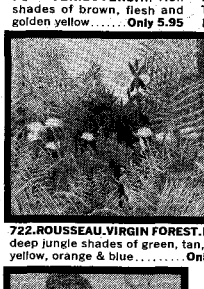

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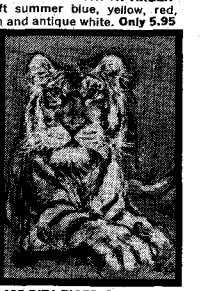

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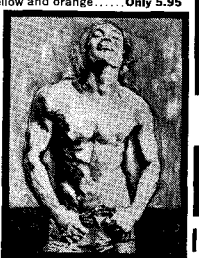

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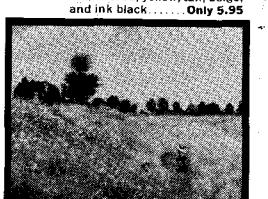

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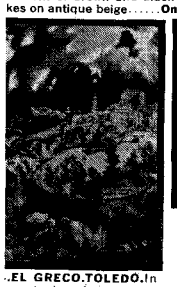

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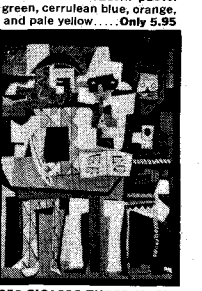

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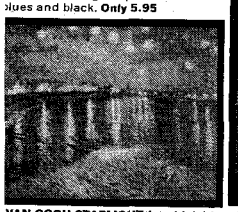

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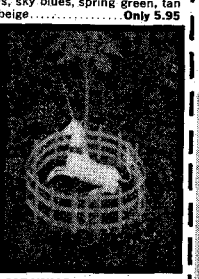

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TRB

from Washington
February 22, 1975

On the Cheap

The shoeshine boy in Mexico City takes his few coins for a bottle of Coca-Cola, thereby tying himself in with a global corporation. The global corporation, by and large, is perhaps the most dynamic agent of change in modern capitalism. For the boy, nutritionally speaking, it is a way of consuming imported sugar at a high price, but the push behind his purchase is an advertising drive as imperative, in its way, as the repetitious admonitions broadcast in Peking from Chairman Mao.

The top 500 corporations in America have increased their share of all US manufacturing and mining assets from 40 to 70 percent in 15 years and they are virtually all global. Interlocking directorates tie them with the top dozen or so banks, nearly all of which are global too. These largest corporations are not merely richer than many countries; they often have their own foreign policies, like ITT in Chile, which helped overthrow left-wing Allende with the aid of the CIA. General Motors' yearly operating revenues exceed those of all but a dozen nation-states; it has 127 plants at home and 43 abroad. And for the first time in history these superbly efficient organizations, whose simple and supple goal is the maximization of profits, are able to see the world as a whole, make plans on a global scale, and move from one country to another, slipping between the cracks of national jurisdiction.

The global corporation might be added to three or four other concepts that challenge the old-fashioned pattern of life at the end of the century: Instant Communication, the Pill, discovery that the long-term supply of critical materials is finite, and that a quarter of the world's population goes to bed hungry. These assorted concepts come to a planet so restless that it now spends $200 billion a year on armaments to "protect" a world population most of which, in per capita terms, earns less than $100 a year.

The latest and most powerful study of the multinational, or global, corporation is a book by Richard Barnet and Ronald Muller called *Global Reach* (Simon & Schuster; $11.95). It follows Richard Barber's *The American Corporation* and Lester Brown's *World Without Borders*. Although condensed in *The New Yorker*, it is not easy going, nor suitable for reading aloud to your wife, unless she likes mouth-filling phrases like "global oligopoly."

Nobody can see the international penetration of these corporations without awe. Holiday Inns, and Pepsi-Cola bottling plants, are in Moscow; Singer has a sewing machine plant in Poland selling products to Communist satellites. Anybody who watched the oil cartel operate recently must have wondered on which side the huge petroleum corporations are. In 1973 the Philippine subsidiary of Exxon refused to sell oil to the US Navy at Subic Bay because its overriding interest was to help enforce the worldwide Arab boycott of the US. The answer is the corporations are on the side of the largest profits.

To be specific about it, here is Bulova, which has transferred production to a new plant at Pago Pago in American Samoa. Some 60 busy Samoans assemble 210,000 watch movements flown in from Switzerland for eventual shipment to the US market. Of course it costs a bit to send those watches 21,000 miles by airlift, but there is no duty on watches imported from a US territory (Samoa), so the tariff savings more than offset the air fare. Furthermore Samoa offers a 10-year tax holiday for new plants. Bulova's president brightly remarked, according to a quotation, "We are able to meet foreign competition because we are the foreign competition."

The art of radio, TV and electronics was developed in the United States but you don't see many homemade radios any more here. George Meany and other labor leaders have managed to organize only about 23 percent of American workers, and awoke too late to what global corporations were doing. Gillette, Woolworth, Pfizer, Mobil IBM, Coca-Cola and the First National City Bank earn more than 50 percent of their profits overseas. Fairchild Camera, Texas Instruments and Motorola are settled in Hong Kong. Why not? There is a dollar-a-day, seven-day working week there. Taiwan has a union-free labor pool shared by Timex, RCA, Admiral, Zenith and others. European global corporations are joining them in other cheap labor havens around the world. Singapore, to encourage foreign plants, guarantees freedom from union trouble for a given number of years in return for foreign investment.

But isn't this process a good thing? The global corporation scans the planet for opportunities and shifts its resources from area to area in a new stage of world capitalism. Richard Barber thinks the transition from the old world economy, in which thousands of companies competed, "to one in which 300 giant industrial firms dominate the scene is of nearly immeasureable public consequences." Lester Brown says the new corporation-states help spread know-how, jobs and capital but he deplores lack of social responsibility. It is here that Barnet-Muller ferociously attack. The big international corporations are milking the poor nations, they charge, keeping them in colonial status, cooperating with the local power structure to absorb companies and keeping prices low for coffee beans, say, while charging outrageous rates for US toilet fixtures.

This reporter was stunned at the recent Rome Food Conference by the virulence of small countries over "corporate imperialism," whether "Western" or "American." A provincial Washington reporter like TRB isn't aware of some of the world's deepest currents. If Americans would protest Kuwait's buying Lockheed, say, imagine a small country having the bulk of its banks and business owned abroad! Often they sullenly swap a diminishing raw material for "labor-saving machinery" when they have too much labor to begin with.

There's no answer in sight. For years Europe feared the "American Challenge" and it's already a *fait accompli* in Latin America. George Ball proposes international charters for global corporations. Meanwhile the struggle over the world's riches has just begun. The process of internationalization and concentration puts the world economy more and more under control of a few hundred business enterprises. They don't compete with each other according to the traditional rules of the free market, nor are their managers elected or subjected to popular scrutiny.

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Which Way To Turn?

America is sliding into an economic depression and President Ford seems incapable of leading us anywhere but straight into the swamp. The January figures on unemployment just published by the Labor Department confirmed the worst expectations and jolted even the economists at the White House. The unemployment rate bounded in one month from 7.2 percent to 8.2 percent, higher than the average that White House experts predicted it would reach this year; it's already near the peak they predicted for June. If the trend continues, and there's no sign of its abating, the unemployment rate may reach 10 percent this summer. About 7.5 million people were out of work in January, many of them laid off by industries considered vital to the country's health. The Bureau of Labor Statistics reported a 15 percent unemployment rate in the construction industry, 10.5 percent unemployment in heavy manufacturing and 10 percent in agriculture. To be sure these numbers don't approach the massive unemployment experienced in the 1930s, but they are substantial. A study released by the Library of Congress this month shows that between 1933 and 1939 the unemployment rate (adjusted to modern standards) ranged between 10 and 19 percent. Though the percentages are lower today, they are large in absolute terms. A 10 percent rate of unemployment in 1934 meant that about five million people were out of work, while the same rate today would represent nine million unemployed. Furthermore during the New Deal when the early labor statistics were being gathered, the number of unemployed was decreasing. Today joblessness is on the rise.

Many remedies have been proposed, one by the President, others by big labor unions, former presidential advisers, economists and congressmen. The "experts" are divisible into two broad categories: those preoccupied with the risk of inflation and those determined to boost federal spending and thus — it is hoped — get industry back to work. The President's plan falls into the first category, a Herbert Hoover approach to recession, only a bit worse. While Hoover was content to let the economy deteriorate under its own momentum, Ford would actually speed it along with his program for oil taxes and price increases. Expensive oil is what brought us to the present impasse, yet Ford would make it more expensive. At the same time the President describes his plan as anti-inflationary because he says it

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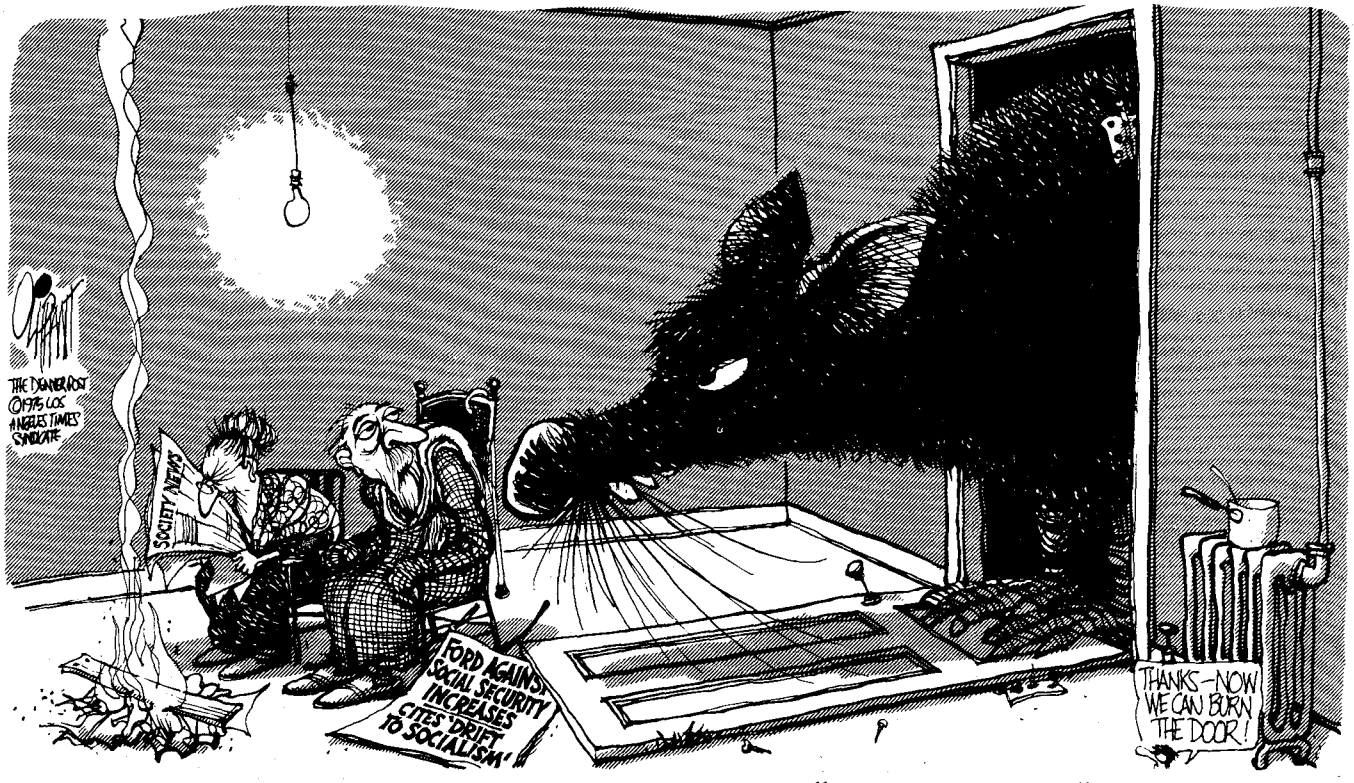
would not add to federal spending.

The Democratic response, now slowly taking shape in Congress, seems headed along classical New Deal lines in the opposite direction. There will be a tax cut. President Ford goes along that far, but he'd like to limit it to $16 billion and he wants it to last only a year. Congress may enact a permanent tax cut, probably more generous to the poor, and Democrats are trying to decide whether the quick rebate planned for this year should be $16 billion, like Ford's, or $20 billion. Congress also plans to spend more money on emergency employment. A bill has been introduced by Sens. Harrison Williams (D, NJ) and Jacob Javits (R, NY) to raise emergency job funding from the $1.8 billion approved by Ford to $7.8 billion.

The nation's leading economists differ on the types of tax cut they prefer and the size of public employment plans they recommend, but on general goals they are agreed. Many of the experts testified before the House Ways and Means Committee in January, and their message was unequivocal: set aside the energy problem for the time being and concentrate on the recession. Arthur Okun, a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution, said, "It is time to recognize the present situation as a national economic emergency. It is time . . . to put our anti-recessionary fiscal tools to work." He thinks Ford and Arthur Burns at the Federal Reserve Board are far too worried about inflation. James Tobin of Yale, after hearing the new unemployment figures last week, was just as emphatic: "The degree of complacence with which people in Washington watch the economy take a nose dive is just amazing. They've got to do something drastic, not just sit around and argue about energy and about whether our recovery, which is nowhere in sight, is going to be too vigorous and start new inflation." He suggests that Congress double the size of Ford's tax cut to $35 billion.

Congress is ready to move in that direction, but not as boldly as Tobin would like, and perhaps not boldly enough for the nation's health. The Senate intends to replace Ford's program with a more gradual series of gasoline taxes, fuel efficiency deadlines for autos, and conservation incentives that will take effect as the country recovers from recession. This plan embraces Ford's desire to reduce oil consumption, but properly gives it second rank to the more urgent economic problems. It's preferable to the administration's package, but is it enough? The customary fiscal measures may prove too weak this time to lift the country out of the doldrums. Why can't energy saving and economic recovery be combined in a set of projects, directly or indirectly sponsored by the government, to put people to work and build a more efficient transportation system at the same time? We need new railroads, buses, coal mines and oil rigs. There are 7.5 million people looking for work. Why can't the two be put together?

President Ford took a small step in the right direction on February 11 when he released two billion dollars in impounded highway construction funds. The administration estimates this will create 125,000 new jobs. The money may be used for any purpose allowed by the federal highway program, including the purchase of buses and passenger rail cars.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Restrictions Aren't the Answer

The Illegals

The United States is in the grip of a new wave of foreign immigration, the bulk of it "illegal." The Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) estimates that there are over seven million illegal aliens in the country today. Virtually all of these people are here to work. The INS estimates thus imply that illegal aliens constitute eight percent of the labor force, that they are almost three-fourths of the black labor force and one-third of the black population. The alien population is, moreover, growing at a phenomenal rate. The rate of increase is indicated by the numbers apprehended by the INS: more than 600,000 in fiscal 1973, 800,000 in fiscal 1974 and a projected one million in the current fiscal year. The best estimates suggest that this population has grown from almost nothing 10 years ago; that it has doubled in the last two or three years. The comments of employers, community organizers, social workers and others with contacts in low-income areas confirm the impression these figures convey.

The population of illegal immigrants in the past several decades has been concentrated along the Mexican border and in agriculture. This is *not* true today. The recent growth of the alien population appears to be in industrialized urban areas. Even in the Southwest, the bulk of the growth seems to have occurred in the urban areas of California, and a large portion of the new Mexican migrants are going directly to Midwestern cities. Throughout the industrial Northeast the Latin American population is growing. The INS estimates that there are one million illegal aliens in the New York metropolitan area, equivalent to roughly 10 percent of the labor force. The official estimate for Massachusetts is 6000 illegals, but my own work on the labor market for Puerto Ricans and aliens suggests that this grossly underestimates the numbers in the city of Boston alone. In New England this is something new. The urban Puerto Rican settlements date mostly after 1966; the alien population became noticeable only after 1968. The largest alien population on the East Coast comes from Haiti and the Dominican Republic, accounting for over half the aliens in New York. But there are many people from all the countries bordering on the Caribbean, and some from virtually every Latin American nation.

Why did this massive migration suddenly begin in the late 1960s and early 1970s and not two or three decades earlier? My own answer to this question derives from a study begun in 1971 of jobs held by Puerto Rican workers in Massachusetts, a study recently expanded to include the total alien labor force. The findings are consistent with more impressionistic evidence from other parts of the country, suggesting that the new immigration is a response to what employers perceive as a vacuum at the bottom of the labor market, a shortage, that began in the middle '60s, of workers to fill the menial, low-wage, unstable, dead end jobs in industries like textiles, shoes and tanning, at sewing machines in the garment factories, in restaurants, hotels, laundries and hospitals. Faced with this shortage, employers began active recruitment abroad. The recruitment was open for Puerto Ricans who are US citizens. It is more surreptitious for aliens. The alien work force seems built around a nucleus of workers, who enter on legal visas, often arranged by their employer. These pioneers then recruit relatives and friends who enter as "tourists" but come to work.

The labor shortage, to which this recruitment is a response, is attributed by employers to the growing reluctance of black workers to accept the kinds of low-level jobs that blacks traditionally filled. The change of attitude may, in turn, be attributed to a shift in the composition of the black work force from a first generation recently arrived from the rural South to a second generation raised in Northern cities.

This shift in attitude from one generation to the next is characteristic of industrial societies. Rural workers who migrate to urban areas generally expect to stay temporarily and therefore are not primarily interested in career opportunity or job security. This makes them an attractive source of labor for the worst jobs, and they are recruited for that purpose. Whatever their original intentions, however, many migrants remain and raise their children in the city. But the children share the attitudes of the native population; they reject jobs with a low social status, little security and little opportunity for advancement. This intergenerational shift makes it necessary to have a constant supply of new immigrants to fill jobs at the bottom of the ladder. The arrival of new illegal aliens should be viewed as the latest manifestation of this process.

The new immigration has many implications, but the most important is that it points to a complete reversal of the assumptions of social policy developed in the '60s. Social policy then was aggressive: we tried to *improve* education, *raise* welfare benefits, *expand* medical services to the poor, *increase* the quality of jobs and *speed* the process of upward mobility. In light of the new situation developing in our cities, these efforts may prove futile. The new immigrants are illegal; they are afraid to register with any authority. They are afraid to send their children to schools, afraid to apply for public assistance, afraid to use the emergency rooms of city hospitals or to complain about substandard working conditions. The uneducated children of the next generation will not be dropouts; they will be too afraid to attend school in the first place. Current policies of school reform won't reach them. A guaranteed minimum income program won't help them because they will never enroll. Their medical problems will be beyond reach of community health facilities, improved emergency room care, increased medical insurance,

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Medicaid or Medicare because they will not seek help until driven to it by injury and disease more threatening than the risk of apprehension by the INS.

The failure to recognize the full implications of what is happening and why, is reflected in current thinking about immigration reform. The major reform measure now before Congress is the Rodino bill. This bill would for the first time penalize the employer for hiring aliens. The measure has the support of both the INS and the AFL-CIO. Pressure for passage has suddenly received a new impetus by the recession and the belief that the aliens hold jobs that would otherwise be filled by Americans—a proposition that is dubious even under depression conditions and that will certainly not hold if we return to reasonably full employment.

I am less concerned about this particular bill (as I think it will not be effective) than about the logic that underlies it. The pursuit of this logic will push the alien labor market underground. There are already tremendous incentives for an underground labor market. The existing wage rate does not balance the supply of workers with the demand for employees. Aliens are willing to work for less than the minimum wage, and their illegal status makes them powerless to complain about violations of labor statutes. The employer can clearly profit from paying less than the minimum wage and by ignoring legal health and safety standards. Both employer and employee can gain by avoiding federal income tax withholding, social security taxes, unemployment insurance and workmen's compensation. Soon federal health insurance may join the list. Just to mention these possibilities is to recall the labor market of 1900, the world of the sweat shop, the Triangle fire and child labor. We are in danger of returning to that world.

Although there already is an underground market in the *transport* of alien labor, there is little evidence that the labor market *itself* has gone underground. The reason for this is that the penalties for violating the Fair Labor Standards Act and evading federal taxes are substantial, while the penalties for hiring alien workers are nonexistent. Given this, employers find it prudent to comply with tax and labor law on the one hand, and profitable to ignore immigration law on the other. But the thrust of proposals to penalize the employer for hiring aliens will shift the balance of risk in favor of ignoring *all* federal labor regulations. Over time the pursuits of this policy will regenerate, in the low-income labor market, a world we have not seen in this country for 50 years. Legal and social sanctions used to enforce minimum standards will no longer be effective. We will be tempted by new patterns of life offered at the cut-rate price that an illicit labor market permits. Once we become accustomed to these patterns, a new, lower floor will be set upon labor conditions. The process will then become irreversible.

None of this is to argue in favor of our existing immigration system. But the solution does *not* lie in enforcing restrictions that have become untenable. It lies instead in an effort to regulate a process that has become irresistible. The failure to do so will lead to a world that will make the social conditions against which the war on poverty was waged in the '60s seem genuinely benign. Moreover, if we are not moved to this position by compassion, we should be persuaded at least by a narrower concern for preserving social order. The history of the '60s may be read as a rebellion of second generation migrants in urban areas against the conditions to which their parents migrated willingly out of rural poverty and depression. How much greater will be the wrath of the children of the new immigrants, born into the American citizenship, rebelling against an underground labor market in which their parents have been trapped—lured first by a desire for a better life and later held in place by the threat of deportation.

Michael Piore

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A Workable Program For Economic Stability

Some commentators say that, like Herbert Hoover, who cut his throat on his own ideological razor, President Ford constructed a political coffin earlier this month with the unrelieved gloom of his annual budget and economic reports. That assessment, I think, may prove to be more wishful than analytical. One need only compare the opposition Hoover faced in 1932 with that mustered so far against the present incumbent. I am not suggesting that President Ford is a good bet for reelection, but only that the economic situation and his approach to it, given available alternatives, may not be an insurmountable obstacle.

In the first place the degree of gloom observed in the President's economic prognosis depends upon the observer. The attention of most has centered upon the worst—that is, his prediction of average unemployment rates of 8.1 percent this year and 7.9 percent in 1976, higher than any in 35 years. True, the figures indicate clearly the anemia of his combined tax reduction stimulus and energy program, which on balance will not give the economy much of a push. But that is not the same as *no* push. Underlying the annual unemployment averages are intra-year swings of considerable dimension. Economic activity is expected to continue its present steep decline through the first half of this year (at which point the tax reduction takes hold), level off in the summer, and then edge upward through 1976. For the mood of both business and

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workers the *direction* of those swings is all important.

When unemployment is eight percent and *rising*, fear spreads even more swiftly than the firings. A large part of the nation feels threatened and scared. When unemployment is eight percent of the labor force and *falling*, the change does wonders for the mental health of the other 92 percent. Panic is replaced by security and hope. The latter is the situation that President Ford anticipates as the outcome of his policies, at the worst, as the next election campaign swings into gear. I say at the worst because the President has already agreed with Congress on a somewhat more generous tax cut than he proposed; hence the employment picture should be brighter than his own projections indicate.

But there are two other elements of President Ford's plan that may strengthen his case even more as he seeks out the nation's votes in the autumn of 1976—again if we consider the probable alternatives offered by his Democratic opposition. Judged by the opinion polls and TV interviews, the general public is more keenly aware than its representatives in Washington of the implacable antagonism, inherent in government fiscal policies, between high employment and stable prices. Practically everyone, not just seven or eight percent of us, is hit by inflation, some very cruelly. On that score the President offers some definite hope in a projected reduction of the inflation rate from 11.3 percent now to 7.8 percent in 1976. It is obviously a small favor—even a four percent increase in the price level would have been considered a disaster a decade ago. But at least it is a favor, an abatement in the crushing, cumulative price rise in progress more or less since 1968. Nor is it likely that much of this gain will be lost as the Democratic Congress expands government outlays modestly over the President's vetoes. Whatever is lost can be adroitly, if unimaginatively, attributed to the fiscal irresponsibility of the President's opponents.

The sunniest part of the President's economic outlook—the course of business income—has been left to the last. In the year just ended, corporate profits reached an all time peak at $141 billion. In none of the six mini-depressions, or recessions, since World War II have profits declined very much. In this one President Ford looks for a dip to $115 billion this year, about in line with Wall Street's expectations, followed—and here's the sunny side—by a brisk upswing to a new peak at $145 billion in 1976. The juxtaposition of lush profits and high unemployment is no anomaly. The real GNP—that is, the gross national product corrected for price changes—is expected to drop by 3.3 percent from last year to this one. Then, in 1976, it is expected to rise by 4.8 percent, bringing total output back to a level greater than in 1974 and at higher prices. So the rise in profits is no puzzle.

As for unemployment, bear in mind that the size of the labor force and productivity per man, together, grow by about four percent each year, so that the nation's output must expand by that amount *just to keep the unemployment rate from rising*. Considerable joblessness is unavoidable given the magnitude of the current recession, the weak recovery planned for 1976, and the absence of any other remedial action. Nevertheless for eyes riveted on the bottom line in profit-and-loss accounts, things won't look bad at all as the election campaign progresses, particularly if proposed corporate tax benefits are enacted. Sometime between now and then the stock market ought to reflect the cheerier financial reports in prospect. Neither condition should irreparably darken the political fate of the incumbent.

Yet whatever tolerance the President's economic program wins or deserves from the public at large will reflect only the absence of a distinctly different and better alternative. For what the administration offers is planned stagnation in return for modest relief from inflation. The deliberate failure to use our human and material resources fully, inherent in the President's program, according to my own calculations, means a loss of at least $300 billion in production during the next 24 months, never to be regained. More concretely it means intensification of the nation's problems of pollution, poverty, swelling welfare costs, crime, miserable health care, callous treatment for the aged, urban blight, inadequate mass transportation, and environmental decay, not to mention the ruined lives of millions thrown out of work and kept out. Democrats should be given credit for tempering some of the harsher elements of the Ford proposals, such as raising the cost of food stamps and limiting the cost-of-living adjustments for social security pensioners. But to the central question—how to fight inflation without recession and stagnation—they have had no answer.

Perhaps I should have said they have no *effective* answer. Ask a politician of any hue *anything* and he will produce a response ringing with authority if nothing else. But even to the citizen who doesn't know an elastic demand from a rubber band, the tone of authority in current Democratic answers sounds depressingly hollow. The more daring among them (but notably excluding the more responsible like Sens. Jackson, Stevenson and Proxmire) call boldly for "massive" cuts in taxes, although they know that a tax reduction large enough to restore full employment, or even come close to it, would drive prices to heights unprecedented here or elsewhere. The public knows it, and judged by their more restrained behavior in writing tax laws in recent weeks, congressmen of both parties know it too.

The fact is that so long as government confines itself to conventional fiscal and monetary policy, there are no answers other than the pathetic one offered by President Ford or some innocuous modification thereof. Tinkering with taxes and interest rates has given the nation six recessions in the last 25 years, along with a constant inflation that has grown menacingly worse. Reflexively, and guided always by the most astute

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economic minds of both parties, we have fought inflation with recession and recession with inflation, roller coasting in ever widening and more perilous swings. The obvious conclusion that politicians find so resistible is that the economy must be rescued from the conventional wisdom. An effective answer to the economic dilemma must extend *beyond* the realm of conventional fiscal and monetary policy—beyond the so-called *new* economics (actually dating back to the 1930s) on which we have relied for so long.

Here, put tersely, are the lines along which I think a workable program for stability can be constructed:

First of all we should have an immediate, temporary price-wage freeze. With demand and output diminishing the way they are at present, there is no legitimate justification for further general wage and price increases. Yet both are still mounting rapidly, at a rate of from 10 to 12 percent. Given the cumulative nature of the spiral reflected in this advance, and the inflationary psychology still rampant, a mandatory clamp on the price level is imperative. (Included in the freeze, of course, would be petroleum prices, on which see "Thwarting the Cartel," *TNR*, Feb. 15, 1975.)

Secondly let us note approximately three million men and women who normally occupy the back end of the employment queue, unskilled or semiskilled, and poorly educated, relatively speaking. They are unemployed a large part of the time, and in some instances nearly all the time. They are the ones we place in the front lines in our periodic wars against inflation, because it is they who regularly lose their jobs when we create recessions. In fact experience shows that the members of this secondary labor force, as I call it, simply cannot hold jobs in private industry, steadily, except under the most exuberant and inflationary conditions. And they, in addition to others, are out of jobs right now. Meanwhile, recall the salient fact that in the public sector of our economy we are starved—not for more bureaucratic flunkies, file clerks, paper stampers—but for really vital services that we are not getting today, ranging from mass transportation, pollution control and better police protection, to the care of our horribly mistreated elderly in nursing homes.

I therefore propose, as a second measure, that these three million men and women be given jobs, under federal supervision, for a program of imaginative public works and national renewal, in a project expected to be permanent and productive, not temporary, make-work, work relief in the fashion of the 100,000 or so "public service" jobs now federally financed in state and local governments. This program, *guaranteeing* jobs, would take care of our unemployment problem.

Thirdly, as the economy recovers under the impetus of these outlays, it would be essential to increase taxes by an amount sufficient to pay for that public employment, and for the valuable services it should produce and taxpayers have a right to demand. The cost would actually be a bargain when account is taken of offsetting savings for welfare, unemployment insurance, food stamps, largely ineffectual training programs, and sundry other relief measures that would no longer be needed in such large amounts. That new tax, together with the temporary price-wage controls, would take care of inflation.

Finally, after six months or so, it should become possible to replace the price-wage freeze gradually with a permanent system of selective standby controls. These would be ready for use in the public interest when necessary to counter the abuses of monopoly power, whether in business or labor.

I think that only this kind of direct, planned attack on the problem of instability can bring, for the first time in history, full employment without inflation.

Melville J. Ulmer

The Defense Budget

Pentagon Prosperity

In his recent message to Congress, President Ford acknowledged that his "budget proposes an increase in defense outlays in current dollars that will maintain defense preparedness and preserve manpower levels in the face of rising costs." He averred that "it is no longer realistically possible to offset increasing costs of defense programs by further reducing military programs and strength" and called his proposals the "minimum prudent levels of defense spending . . . adequate to maintain the military balance."

The defense budget requested for fiscal 1976 is $104.7 billion: an increase of $15.7 billion in current dollars over this year's. Even when inflation is taken into account, this represents an increase of $8.2 billion in *constant* (1976) dollars. Thus while other federal programs are undergoing retrenchment, the Pentagon's budget is heading for new heights. This is no accident. Indeed the Department of Defense readily admits that "the FY 1976 budget represents a conscious effort on the part of the President to reverse the erosion of DOD purchasing power." Ten years ago Defense accounted for more than 40 percent of the budget while the current request takes up just over 25 percent.

Defense asserts that its "increase is required to cover pay increases and inflation." Only the latter part of that statement is accurate. Although the request for military personnel and retired pay is up $1.5 billion in current dollars, Pentagon figures show this as a decline in constant dollars. Where then does the increase go?

By far the lion's share of this $15.7 billion increase is

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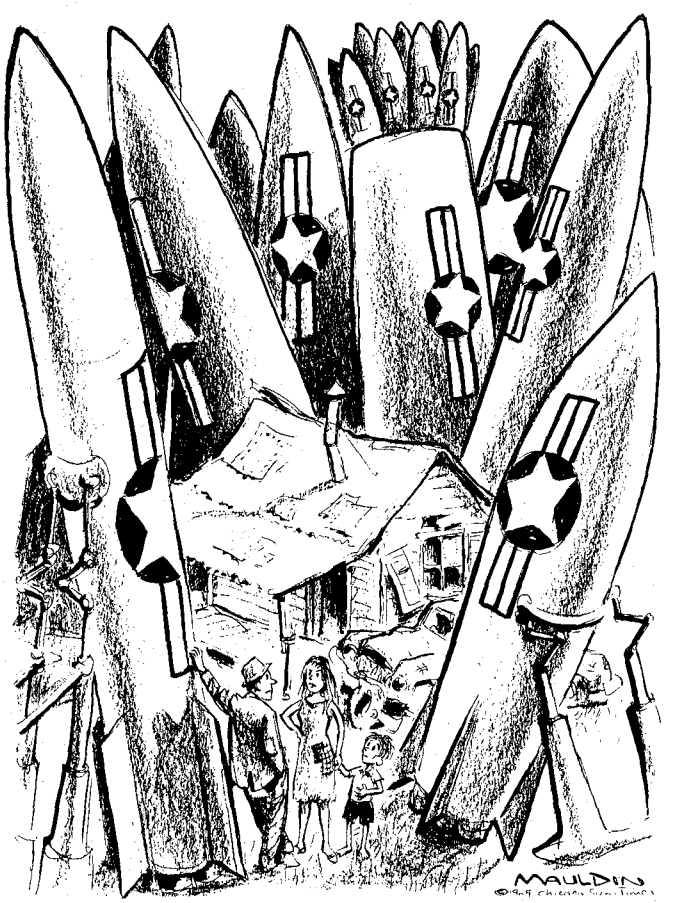
being swallowed up in the overlapping categories of "procurement" (up $8.1 billion) and "general purpose forces" (up $7.7 billion). By contrast the request for strategic nuclear forces is up a modest (by Pentagon standards) $300 million. The army is planning to go from 13 to 16 divisions without exceeding its present manpower ceiling; this reportedly will be accomplished by reducing headquarters and support personnel. The budget appendix notes: "Production rates of our anti-armor systems will be significantly increased to improve our capability to overcome the Warsaw Pact advantage in numbers of tanks and to replace losses to our weapons inventory caused by shipments to the Middle East following the war of October 1973." Increases in these categories total about a billion dollars, but much greater increases are being made in navy and air force aircraft (up $2.0 billion) and shipbuilding (up $2.4 billion). So far neither the President nor the Pentagon has identified any new "threat" to justify increases of this magnitude; aircraft and ships eventually need to be replaced, but a case needs to be made for such a rapid pace. Thus one is led to speculate that the administration may be using defense spending primarily to stimulate the economy and to prevent further unemployment in the defense-industrial sector. Indeed the budget explicitly indicates that "the 1976 . . . programs *accelerate* the production of modern equipment, weapons and munitions" (emphasis supplied). The case for the magnitude and pace of this acceleration is not self-evident.

Research and development are also on the increase: from $8.6 to $10.3 billion. They key programs here are the Trident ballistic-missile submarine and B-1 bomber. Although Congress has begun authorizing the first of 10 Tridents, a backlog of work at the Groton, Connecticut, shipyard may result in several years' delay and correspondingly higher costs due to inflation. The estimated cost of a B-1 is now approximately double what the air force first said it would be, but the administration nonetheless intends to "begin full scale production in 1977 if performance goals in relation to costs are achieved." So far, they have not. Moreover with the Vladivostok agreement having put a cap on nuclear launchers, the case for any new bomber would be marginal at best; the case for the overweight and inordinately expensive B-1 is nonexistent. Although Congress has yet to investigate this program thoroughly, it may gag on the Pentagon's request for $749 million because of the multibillion-dollar appropriations that would inevitably follow if the B-1 were subsequently ordered into production.

The most disturbing item in the budget is $2.3 billion for what the Pentagon calls "escalation/cost growth" in naval shipbuilding programs. That phrase, however, is simply a euphemism for "cost overrun." The largest item in this category is $772 million for the DD-963 destroyers being built by Litton Industries at its Pascagoula, Mississippi, shipyard. In previous years the navy seemed inclined to fight the company on cost overruns, but the administration now seems to have thrown in the sponge. Although there is something to be said for the administration's candor in listing explicitly cost overruns in the budget, this move also raises serious questions. Are cost overruns now to be considered normal defense expenditures along with those for ammunition or military pay? Will defense contractors have any incentive to submit honest, competitive bids on future contracts or will they simply bid unreasonably low to get their foot in the door and expect the government to bail them out when they cannot meet the agreed-upon price? Has the government prejudiced its case against Litton and other shipbuilders by admitting in effect that some $2.3 billion in cost overruns are legitimate budgetary expenditures? And finally, what was the role of Roy Ash, the outgoing director of the Office of Management and Budget and former Litton president, in bailing out the Litton ship program?

These and other questions ought to be answered before Congress accepts President Ford's assertion that his proposals represent the "minimum prudent levels of defense spending."

Peter J. Ognibene



"We've spent so much on defense that there's not much left to defend."

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White House Watch

Nixon Then and Now

A new book and news accounts from San Clemente depict Richard Nixon as he appeared to one of his White House writers before Watergate destroyed his presidency and as he is in exile and nearly total seclusion six months after his resignation. The book is William Safire's *Before the Fall* (Doubleday; $12.50). The occasion for the San Clemente reports is that the official period of transition from the presidency to pensioned retirement has ended and that, with its end, federal support drops at least until next June 30 to a level that in its paucity and stringency should satisfy the most virulent Nixon haters.

A composite of the San Clemente accounts runs as follows. Mr. Nixon is lonely, ill, frustrated, rambly and disjointed in much of his thoughts and talk. His phlebitis persists, so crippling his left leg that he risks falling if he tries to walk more than a few yards. He is deep in debt—for his oceanside estate; to the IRS for unpaid taxes; to his lawyers—and a publisher's advance for his intended book or books probably won't do much more than meet the expenses of research and writing assistance. A congressional statute and court and White House rulings that make him the first former President to be denied ownership and custody of the presidential papers and (alas for him) the presidential tapes accumulated during his tenure hamper his book project, embitter him and add to his conviction that he is being treated with unprecedented shabbiness.

At the end of the transition on February 9, his federally paid staff fell from about 12 to four: Rose Mary Woods, his long-time confidential secretary, at $36,000 a year, and three other secretaries whose salaries range from $15,059 to $18,061 a year. Prorated over the nearly five months between February 9 and the end of this fiscal year on June 30, the four salaries just about eat up the $45,000 allowed him for staff support and other expenses during that period. His pension of $55,000 for 11 months from last August 9 takes the rest of the $100,000 appropriated for his direct support. The General Services Administration assigns and pays an electrician and two laborers to care for office space on the Coast Guard base adjoining his San Clemente estate. Marjorie Acker, Miss Woods' secretary-assistant, who got $23,500 a year before she went off the federal payroll, is staying on as an "unpaid consultant." Dianne Sawyer, sometime assistant to sometime press secretary Ronald Ziegler, is staying a while as a volunteer. Frank Gannon, a researcher-writer who got a federal salary of $35,300 at the White House, goes on Mr. Nixon's private payroll. Ziegler is leaving, for an uncertain and possibly aborted try at lecturing. Two army Signal Corps telephone lines and a direct line from the White House switchboard in Washington to the San Clemente offices have been terminated. Things may look up at the start of the next fiscal year, but not much when the support is weighed against the expectations of a former President. The Ford administration recommends in its 1976 budget that Mr. Nixon be paid the pension of $60,000 per year provided by law and allowed the full $96,000 authorized for staff salaries. About $107,000 is recommended for other forms of support (including $55,000 for "rent, communications and utilities" that really goes to GSA rather than to Mr. Nixon for use and maintenance of the San Clemente office space). If Congress is as vengeful as it was when it appropriated $200,000 for the transition and first post-transition periods, it will provide something less than the recommended total of $263,000 for Nixon support in fiscal 1976.

There of course is an immense difference between the sodden gloom reported to prevail at San Clemente and the atmosphere described by William Safire in his "inside view of the pre-Watergate White House." But the difference is far from total. Safire, a former public relations man who was one of three chief speech writers at the White House until March 21, 1973, when he prudently quit to write a column for *The New York Times*, asserts here and there in the prodigious 693 pages of *Before the Fall* that Richard Nixon was in the presidential years a chap of unappreciated humor, gentleness and pleasantry in his best moments. One of Safire's White House jobs, in fact, was to feed lightsome tidbits from the seemingly grim Nixon establishment to receptive reporters and columnists. He finds remarkably few such moments to recount and document in the book. One reason was that Mr. Nixon and his chief of staff, H.R. Haldeman, between them smothered whatever tendency to pleasantry there was. Safire once suggested that somebody "with a light touch"—he had himself in mind—attend private presidential meetings and record examples of Richard Nixon being human. Haldeman grabbed and ruined the notion, organizing teams of "anecdotists" for assignment to the meetings. The result, according to Safire, was that a good idea was "crunched into a superorganized pulp." Haldeman is quoted saying of his role and of the President, "He doesn't want to organize, he wants to *be* organized." Safire says of Haldeman: "His job as chief of staff also included chief of public relations, keeper of the myth, expert on how to influence public opinion. He understood public relations to be the use of techniques to badger, bully, bribe, entice and persuade people to your 'side' . . . The President agreed . . . But the hard sell was not 'PR' . . . As a professional PR man, Haldeman was merely a good ad man." Safire has good to say of Haldeman, particularly that he was Mr. Nixon's "guardian of open options, making certain that the President never received only one view on an issue." A surprising judgment is that John Ehrlichman, arrogant and narrow to the last in the general view, "matured and developed" into "a man of balance and

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compassion, the 'closet liberal' on many matters."

Safire was one of 13 officials whose home telephones were tapped, along with those of four journalists, in 1969-70, with the authority of the President and (in Safire's and most other cases) upon the orders of Henry Kissinger and his assistant, Colonel (later General) Alexander Haig. Safire acknowledges that the experience "colors what I write about Kissinger." He says that Kissinger and Haig lied to him when they first denied any knowledge that he'd been tapped and implies that they perjured themselves in their disclaimers under oath before congressional committees. One of Safire's best lines—unfortunately for the overall quality of his mammoth book, he is not very good at characterizing people—occurs in a reference to Kissinger's "ability to project childlike anguish at the reaction of others to actions he had recommended with cold precision."

The eavesdropping was in Safire's view a part and symptom of the malaise that led to Watergate. This malaise, according to Safire, was rooted in the President's hatred of the press. His conviction that "the press is the enemy," the consequent fear of leaks and the desire to prevent and punish leaks brought on the 1969-70 wiretaps, the attempt to steal Daniel Ellsberg's psychiatric records from his psychiatrist, and finally the Watergate burglary and bugging. Safire thought throughout his White House service that the President "was at bottom realistic about the adversary relationship" between him and the media. "I was wrong about that," Safire writes. He continues: "When Nixon said, 'the press is the enemy,' he was saying exactly what he meant: 'The press is the *enemy*' to be hated and beaten, and in that vein of vengeance . . . lay Nixon's greatest personal and political weakness and the cause of his downfall." In a typical display of ambivalence, a quality that this reporter is in no position to deplore, Safire also writes: ". . . But judging Nixon only by his close-to-irrational animus to the press, or judging him only by the [White House tape] transcripts, is . . . misleading. There is more to this many-faceted man than his worst side. The press that Nixon hated has often over-looked the sympathetic and even noble side of this President, for good reason—because it was faced with the most mean-spirited and ignoble side."

Safire refuses to discuss a telephone conversation that he had with Mr. Nixon in December, on the last day that changes in the text were possible, except to say that he picked up a few pieces of information. A paraphrased passage and a direct quotation near the end of the book read as if they came from this conversation or perhaps from previous talks with Mr. Nixon. The passage: "Why did Nixon permit the tapings of himself in the first place? Because he was convinced left-leaning historians would try to deny him his place in history; because he wanted to write memoirs better than Churchill's; and because he was sure he would have the same total control of his tapes as Kennedy and Johnson had of theirs. [A snide line, presumably reflecting Richard Nixon's snidery; Kennedy and Johnson did not tape on anywhere near the Nixon scale.] Why didn't he destroy them when Alex Butterfield revealed their existence to the Ervin committee? Because Nixon thought that such an act would make him look guilty, because he did not realize how bad the tapes' transcripts would appear in cold print, and because he was certain the wall of presidential privacy could not be breached . . . To this day, Nixon cannot understand why he was pilloried for acts that he considers no different than those condoned by his predecessors . . . And the actual decision that brought him down—to use the CIA to block the FBI investigation of the Watergate breakin—was, he still feels, a legitimate act to prevent disclosure of related national security surveillances."

The quotation: "There may be some understanding and perspective some day," he told a friend as the year of his resignation drew to a close, "but it will take a long, long time. I'm a fatalist."

William Safire's judgment of his patron, friend and leader: "In time, the grisly deception will be seen in the light of great achievements, but those who invested their lives in the causes he shared will never forget that Nixon failed, not while daring greatly, but while lying meanly."

John Osborne

Mr. Ford and Self Sacrifice

President Ford could assure his place in history with one clean surgical act that would diminish his critics and lift the spirits of his countrymen beyond measure. It would break the chains of disenchantment with politics that burden his people, rally the nation to his goals and purposes, and redeem his pledge to compose the tortured national soul. The President could achieve all this by announcing that he has no interest in keeping his miserable job beyond January 20, 1977, that therefore he won't be a candidate for election to a full term, that he's going to do his damnedest in the Truman tradition to save the Republic from bankruptcy and depression, and that the people in their wisdom will rise up to smite those who treat him as a lame duck.

To prove that he wasn't just copping out or recognizing his own limitations, he would simultaneously announce that he is bringing two prominent Democrats—say, Hubert Humphrey and Robert McNamara—into his cabinet in a government of national unity, and together they will campaign, like men possessed, for programs that will hasten economic

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recovery and restore the country's confidence and sense of well-being.

This may be an improbable script for anyone but a man with a stunningly creative vision of politics, the economy, the public temper and the drawbacks of the 25th Amendment. The novelty of it would shock the narrow-bore opportunists who are imprisoned in their politics-as-usual attitudes. It would dampen the ardor of the platoon of Democrats soon to be running against him as though he alone is the issue, and it would slow the pace of the squad of Republicans intrigued by the notion that he will be a pushover by the time the 1976 primaries roll around. The candidates in 1976 would have to argue their case on its merits, and this alone would be a welcome contribution to a rational political dialogue.

Perhaps the script's chief flaw is the logic of it. In a time when the games politicians play have led to a deepening malaise and disillusionment, a renunciation by Ford of the usual lures and deceits of politics would refresh the process and give the country a renewed faith in its ability to solve its difficulties. Ford is believed to be sufficiently free of the sins of ego to permit him to resist the idea that such a move would be an admission of inadequacy and failure. In fact it could be an expression of strength and vision. The odds are that it would command a public support out of Gerald Ford's reach now and in the foreseeable future.

At the moment Ford is being perceived as a two-year President. His budget deficits have prompted conservative Republicans virtually to disown him. His energy conservation program has so few adherents that his press spokesman saw encouragement in the 309-114 House vote against his plan to levy a tariff on imported oil. His budget projections of unemployment and inflation for next year have been so bleak that his economic advisers, practicing the familiar art of flimflammery with their statistics, have sought to revise the figures downward.

And Ford through his spokesman has acted to dispel any impression that he has doubts about his candidacy next year, saying that he intends to run regardless of the state of the economy. This is the old politics, and in the pursuit of it Ford can be expected to retreat from candor, to shave the truth, to smudge reality under a gloss of propaganda, to sidestep the facts with the usual tactics of denial and dissembling. If he believes in his program, he would find release in rejecting the stratagems required of a candidate. Treasury Secretary William Simon may be a misguided troglodyte in his economic views, but he dallies with the truth when he wonders aloud if a President concerned with election can make the tough moves to cope with a recession and inflation at the same time.

If Ford were to decide to rise above politics, Henry Kissinger probably would argue that it would hamper his conduct of foreign policy. It would amount to the old lame duck argument, namely that foreign governments would behave differently with a two-year President than they would with a six-year one. But a President who eschews politics for a larger goal would have such public support that a potential adversary would be foolhardy indeed to test him with some mischievous adventure.

Ford is put down as a decent, well meaning, conventional man of probity and steady habits. He could reach for the brass ring of history by becoming that most uncommon of men, who lays aside personal ambition for a nobler purpose. And what a bicentennial gift it would be, a man in the White House concerned not with politics but with the public welfare!

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Peter Lisagor

Mr. Lisagor is chief of the Washington bureau of the *Chicago Daily News.*

The Irish Genius

Viscous and Sons has announced publication of *The Annotated Poems of Sean O'Shawn,* the great Irish poet, considered by many to be the most incomprehensible and hence the finest poet of his time.

Abounding in highly personal references, O'Shawn's *work* requires—if one is to understand it at all—an intimate knowledge of his life, which, according to scholars, not even he had. The following is a sample from this fine book.

Beyond Ichor

Let us sail. Sail with
Fogarty's chin to Alexandria.
While the Beamish Brothers
Hurry giggling to the tower,
Proud of their gums.
A thousand years passed since
Agamemnon said, "Don't open
The gates, who the hell needs
A wooden horse that size?"
What is the connection? Only
That Shaunnesy, with dying
Breath, refused to order an
Appetizer with his meal although
He was entitled to it.
And brave Bixby, despite his
Resemblance to a woodpecker,
Could not retrieve his underwear
From Socrates without a ticket.

Parnell had the answer, but no

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One would ask him the question.
No one but old Lafferty, whose
Lapis lazuli practical joke caused
A whole generation to take
Samba lessons.
True, Homer was blind and that
Accounted for why he dated those
Particular women.
But Aegnus and the Druids bear
Mute testimony to man's quest
For free alterations.
Blake dreamed of it too, and
O'Higgins who had his suit
Stolen while he was still in it.
Civilization is shaped like a
Circle and repeats itself, while
O'Leary's head is shaped like
A trapezoid.
Rejoice! Rejoice! And call your
Mother once in awhile.

Let us sail. O'Shawn was fond of sailing although he had never done it on the sea. As a boy he dreamed of becoming a ship's captain but gave it up when someone explained to him what sharks were. His older brother James, however, did go off and join the British navy, though he was dishonorably discharged for selling cole slaw to a bosun.

Fogarty's chin. Undoubtedly a reference to George Fogarty who convinced O'Shawn to become a poet and assured him he would still be invited to parties. Fogarty published a magazine for new poets and although its circulation was limited to his mother, its impact was international. Fogarty was a fun-loving, rubicund Irishman whose idea of a good time was to lie down in the public square and imitate a tweezers. Eventually he suffered a nervous breakdown and was arrested for eating a pair of pants on Good Friday. Fogarty's chin was an object of great ridicule because it was tiny to the point of nonexistence and at Jim Kelly's wake, he told O'Shawn, "I'd give anything for a larger chin. If I don't find one soon, I'm liable to do something rash." Fogarty, incidentally, was a friend of Bernard Shaw's and was once permitted to touch Shaw's beard, provided he would go away.

Alexandria. References to the Middle East appear throughout O'Shawn's work and his poem that begins "To Bethlehem with suds . . ." deals caustically with the hotel business seen through the eyes of a mummy.

The Beamish Brothers. Two half-wit brothers who tried to get from Belfast to Scotland by mailing each other. Liam Beamish went to Jesuit school with O'Shawn but was thrown out for dressing like a beaver. Quincy Beamish was the more introverted of the two and kept a furniture pad on his head till he was 41. The Beamish Brothers used to pick on O'Shawn and usually ate his lunch just before he did. Still, O'Shawn remembers them fondly and in his best sonnet, "My love is like a great, great yak . . .," they appear symbolically as end tables.

The tower. When O'Shawn moved out of his parents' home, he lived in a tower just south of Dublin. It was a very low tower, standing about six feet, or two inches shorter than O'Shawn. He shared this residence with Harry O'Connel, a friend with literary pretensions, whose verse play, *The Musk Ox*, closed abruptly when the cast was chloroformed. O'Connel was a great influence on O'Shawn's style and ultimately convinced him that every poem need not begin, "Roses are red, violets are blue. . . ."

Proud of their gums. The Beamish Brothers had unusually fine gums. Liam Beamish could remove his false teeth and eat peanut brittle, which he did every day for 16 years until someone told him there was no such profession.

Agamemnon. O'Shawn was obsessed with the Trojan War. He could not believe an army could be so stupid as to accept a gift from its enemy during wartime. Particularly when they got close to the wooden horse and heard giggling inside. This episode from *The Iliad* seems to have traumatized the young O'Shawn, and throughout his entire life he examined every gift given him very carefully, going so far as to shine a flashlight into a pair of shoes he received on his birthday and calling out, "Anybody in there? Eh? Come on out!"

Shaunnesy. Michael Shaunnesy, an occult writer and mystic, who convinced O'Shawn there would be a life after death for those who saved string. Shaunnesy also believed the moon influenced actions and that to take a haircut during a total eclipse caused sterility. O'Shawn was very much taken with Shaunnesy and devoted much of his life to occult studies although he never achieved his final goal of being able to enter a room through the keyhole. The moon figures heavily in O'Shawn's later poems and he told James Joyce that one of his greatest pleasures was to immerse his arm in custard on a moonlit night.

The reference to Shaunnesy's refusing an appetizer probably refers to the time the two men dined together in Innisfree and Shaunnesy blew chick peas through a straw at a fat lady when she disagreed with his views on embalming.

Bixby. Eamon Bixby. A political fanatic who preached ventriloquism as a cure for the world's ills. He was a great student of Socrates but differed from the Greek philosopher in his idea of the "good life," which Bixby felt was impossible unless everybody weighed the same.

Parnell had the answer. The answer O'Shawn refers to is "tin" and the question is, "What is the chief export of Bolivia?" That no one asked Parnell the question is

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understandable, although he was challenged once to name the largest fur-bearing quadruped extant and he said, "Chicken," for which he was severely criticized.

Lafferty. John Millington Synge's podiatrist. A fascinating character who had a passionate affair with Molly Bloom until he realized she was a fictional character. Lafferty was fond of practical jokes and once with some corn meal and egg, he breaded Synge's arch supports. Synge walked peculiarly as a result and his followers imitated him hoping that by duplicating his gait, they too would write fine plays. Hence the line, "causing a whole generation to take Samba lessons."

Homer was blind. Homer was a symbol for T. S. Eliot, whom O'Shawn considered a poet of "immense scope but very little breadth." The two men met in London at rehearsals of *Murder in the Cathedral* (at that time titled, *Million Dollar Legs*). O'Shawn persuaded Eliot to abandon his sideburns and give up any notion he might have of becoming a Spanish dancer. Both writers then composed a manifesto stating the aims of the "new poetry," one of which was to write fewer poems that dealt with rabbits.

Aegnus and the Druids. O'Shawn was influenced by Celtic mythology and his poem that begins, "Clooth na bare, na bare, na bare . . ." tells how the gods of ancient Ireland transformed two lovers into a set of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica.*

Free alterations. Probably refers to O'Shawn's wish to "alter the human race," which he felt was basically depraved, especially jockeys. O'Shawn was definitely a pessimist and felt that no good could come of mankind until they agreed to lower their body temperature from ninety-eight point six, which he felt was unreasonable.

Blake. O'Shawn was a mystic and like Blake believed in unseen forces. This was confirmed for him when his brother, Ben, was struck by lightning while licking a postage stamp. The lightning failed to kill Ben, which O'Shawn attributed to Providence, although it took his brother 17 years before he could get his tongue back in his mouth.

O'Higgins. Patrick O'Higgins introduced O'Shawn to Polly Flaherty who was to become O'Shawn's wife after a courtship of 10 years in which the two did nothing more than meet secretly and wheeze at each other. Polly never realized the extent of her husband's genius and told intimates she thought he would be most remembered not for his poetry but for his habit of emitting a piercing shriek just before eating apples.

O'Leary's head. Mount O'Leary, where O'Shawn proposed to Polly just before she rolled off. O'Shawn visited her in the hospital and won her heart with his poem, "On the Decomposing of Flesh."

Call your mother. On her death bed, O'Shawn's mother, Bridget, begged her son to abandon poetry and become a vacuum cleaner salesman. O'Shawn couldn't promise and suffered from anxiety and guilt the rest of his life, although at the International Poetry Conference in Geneva, he sold W. H. Auden and Wallace Stevens each a Hoover.

Woody Allen

Committee Chicanery

The Scandalous Senate

by Walter Pincus

With winds of reform blowing over Capitol Hill, the Senate really ought to deal with one of Washington's biggest open secrets—the scandalous and hypocritical way in which it spends taxpayers' money on its own staff aides and committee operations. In the past five years, as the prestige and power of the Congress were on the decline, the cost and the size of Senate staffs nearly doubled. The bill was $10 million in fiscal 1971 and it will be above $20 million in fiscal '76.

What do we get for the money? It's hard to say, since nobody investigates the Senate; and the Senate is incapable or unwilling to police itself. There are, however, some reports and payroll records from which to isolate abuses in the 15 standing committees and over 100 subcommittees.

Not too many people have ever heard of the subcommittee on improvements in judicial machinery of the Senate Judiciary Committee. It handles complex

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judicial branch legislation such as the current bill to create new judgeships. Under Chairman Quentin Burdick, the subcommittee in the past two years has undertaken a slow but careful review of the judicial system, starting with the local magistrates, proceeding to the district courts and ending with a soon-to-be completed study of the appeals courts. To do this job the subcommittee has on its payroll 12 persons and annually spends some $200,000. One listed staff member paid at an annual salary (in '73 and '74) of $20,000 was Roy M. Ogburn. While on the subcommittee staff Ogburn spent most of his time in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania as manager of Sen. Hugh Scott's office there. He evidently was available for consultation on subcommittee business, though most of Scott's committee work—he's the second-ranking Republican on the Judiciary subcommittee—was done by members of Scott's Washington office staff.

In April 1974 Ogburn left the Senate's employ to run unsuccessfully in a Pennsylvania Republican state primary race. He was replaced on the subcommittee staff by Edward K. Hamberger, who then and now goes to Georgetown Law School at night. Hamberger, who today works out of Scott's Capitol Hill office, is the brother of Scott's administrative assistant. Though not yet a lawyer, he gets the same $20,000 salary that previously went to Ogburn and he says he follows (for Scott) the actions of "the Judiciary committee as a whole rather than just the subcommittee."

Two other judiciary machinery minority staff members devote most if not all their time to matters other than subcommittee business. Lois J. Kovanda, ostensibly a $13,000-a-year minority clerk, works full-time in Scott's office, where she sometimes acts as the senator's appointments secretary. D. Eric Hultman, listed as a legislative counsel for the subcommittee, works primarily as a legislative assistant to Sen. Roman Hruska, ranking Republican member of the committee.

The use of subcommittee and committee employees to supplement a senator's personal staff is widespread. It goes on despite a Senate rule specifically stating that "professional staff members shall not engage in any work other than committee business and no other duties may be assigned to them." Some senators say that the rule applies only to staff members of the 15 standing *committees*—and not to *subcommittee* workers. In any case the practice is followed in both committees and subcommittees. Sen. James Eastland, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, has his own legislative assistant, William Simpson, on the committee payroll as the $34,770-per-year assistant chief clerk. Sen. Vance Hartke uses the Veterans Affairs Committee, which he chairs, to pay the $30,000 salary of his own special assistant, Dwight Jensen. The legislative assistant for Sen. Thomas Eagleton, who handled the back-up work on the Turkish military aid cutoff amendment was J. Brian Atwood, who is paid $26,900 a year as a professional staff member of Eagleton's Committee on the District of Columbia.

What makes senators engage in such subterfuge? For some it is the simple desire to hand out patronage jobs that pay well but require little work. For the majority it seems to be a perceived need for personnel to deal with increasing constituent requests: senators and representatives have become ombudsmen over the federal bureaucracy. And for an ambitious few, more staff means publicity and the potential to be more active on a wide range of national issues.

It is in the proliferating subcommittees that the use of payrolls to support Senate office employees has been most flagrant. Sen. Eastland's Judiciary Committee has ballooned the most. Last year its total payroll, including 17 subcommittees, supported 227 persons at a cost of slightly more than four million dollars. It is no surprise that a good number of those people end up working primarily for individual senators. Sen. Edward Kennedy used in his own office seven of 22 staff members of the administrative practices and procedures subcommittee he chairs. At times the subcommittee jobs served as a temporary way station until jobs became vacant on Kennedy's own payroll. In 1973, for example, Paul G. Kirk, Jr., Kennedy's top political aide, was on the subcommittee payroll as a $32,500 a year "research assistant." He then moved on to the Kennedy staff. Shortly thereafter Robert Edwards Hunter, Kennedy's newly recruited foreign policy specialist, went on the administrative practices payroll as a "special assistant" at $33,000 a year. He, too, later moved on.

Judiciary Chairman Eastland sometimes shifts his own aides from one subcommittee payroll to another. Clarence Pierce was listed as a $24,000-a-year investigator with the internal security subcommittee until June last year when he became an investigator for the subcommittee on immigration and naturalization. On the latter subcommittee payroll, Eastland already had another of his office staffers, Frank D. Barber, paid as a $24,000-a-year "legal assistant." The immigration subcommittee had, until last month, held no hearings for several years. Another of its subcommittee employees, Hermina Morita, listed as an $8400 a year clerk, has been Sen. Hiram Fong's office receptionist.

Even some of the smaller Judiciary subcommittees provide personnel. Vivian Ronca, the sole minority staff member of the tiny subcommittee on revision and codification at $12,000 a year, is a case worker in Sen. Scott's office.

The practice extends to both the upper and lower levels of the subcommittees. Sen. Jacob Javits last year used the payroll of a Government Operations subcommittee on reorganization to provide the $31,000 salary of his legislative aide, Charles Warren. A subcommittee on veterans' affairs supported three members of Sen. Clifford Hansen's staff: his $15,000 legislative aide Mike Shoumaker; another $13,000 legislative aide,

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Sunny Nixon; and an $8500 clerk, Mary Keogh.

Along with payroll chicanery the Senate also must soon own up to its practice of keeping alive subcommittees whose functions have long since atrophied. A prime example is the $400,000-a-year Senate Judiciary internal security subcommittee. Established originally in the 1950s during the Joe McCarthy days, this relic of the Cold War has been plodding along with an aging staff and almost no visible output of work. Two years ago it held only eight hearings. Then, spurred by some criticism, it last year did a comprehensive study of marijuana—hardly relevant to internal security, its prime jurisdiction. When last spring the Senate Rules and Administration Committee, through Sen. Mark Hatfield, asked about the subcommittee, its 66-year-old, $36,000 a year chief counsel, Jay Sourwine, was called into an executive hearing. Sourwine, who has held his job for nearly 18 years, rambled on about the subcommittee's job and his own travels around the country to speak to unpaid informers and local police who aid in keeping up internal security's files. Many of the 23 individuals on the subcommittee have, like Sourwine, served for years—people such as Dorothy Baker, wife of former aide Bobby Baker (remember Bobby Baker?), and David Martin, who was the late Sen. Thomas Dodd's man handling the Communist menace. In recent years the internal security subcommittee has been moved to the Senate Office Building basement and the Rules Committee is expected shortly to deny it any funds to continue operation. Perhaps in a last ditch effort to stay alive, the subcommittee held a 10-minute hearing on February 10. Its chief investigator was the witness and he told Sourwine and subcommittee member J. Strom Thurmond, who presided, that "the Weatherman underground organization I feel is responsible for the bombing at the State Department." At that pitiful session the committee released a 136-page report on "The Weather Underground."

Internal security, however, is far from the only subcommittee whose moment has passed. The Judiciary Committee's juvenile delinquency subcommittee has hung on despite the current absence of interest in delinquency. A *Washington Post* survey of Senate expenditures found that 62 percent of the travel vouchers of that subcommittee went for trips to Indiana, the home state of its chairman, Sen. Birch Bayh, who was up for reelection in 1974.

Sen. Henry Jackson performed a neat but questionable trick in his subcommittee and staff shifting. Jackson for years used a Government Operations subcommittee as the base for his foreign policy expert, Dorothy Fosdick. When Jackson took over the permanent investigating subcommittee—historically the Senate's principal investigative group—he merged his foreign policy staff into it. Thus, today, Fosdick, a specialist in international relations, and Richard Perle, Jackson's defense and arms control adviser, are both on the investigating subcommittee—Fosdick as the $35,000-a-year "professional staff director" and Perle as a $30,000-a-year staff member. The rest of the subcommittee continues its old investigative functions, looking into stolen securities, the Russian grain deal and energy matters.

The *Washington Post* survey found, furthermore, that senators make extensive use of their committee and subcommittee positions to run for reelection—and for the presidency. The *Post* found that 85.1 percent of all field hearings held in 1973 and 1974 were in the home states of members of those committees. Two of three hearings of Sen. George McGovern's Select Committee on Nutrition were held in South Dakota—where McGovern was facing a tough reelection campaign. Sen. Warren Magnuson's Commerce Committee showed a slightly different but equally advantageous use of committee funds. Magnuson was up for reelection in 1974. Frederick Lordan, staff director of the committee and a long-time political aide of Magnuson flew to Seattle on December 23, 1973 and remained in Washington state for 25 days, charging the committee $25 a day in expenses. In late January and early February, five more members of the Commerce staff, plus Magnuson himself, flew out to Seattle with the committee picking up the $2500 in round trip plane fares.

Not all committees have been expanded and used the way Judiciary has. Under Sen. J.W. Fulbright, the Foreign Relations Committee followed the practice of keeping a relatively small staff serving both minority and majority members of the committee. Three years ago, Sen. Scott, joined by Sen. Robert Griffin and backed by the Nixon White House, began to press for a separate minority staff. Two years ago one staff member was designated for the minority and, after further pressure, Scott succeeded in getting another position opened up. His basic argument was that Republican committee members needed their own qualified staff representative to meet Republican needs.

Recently Scott selected his Foreign Relations Committee minority staff member. The man he chose, Robert Barton, turns out to have been Scott's next-door neighbor who was nearing the end of a not very illustrious career in the United States Information

COMING: Perjury in high places — a report by Walter Pincus

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Agency. Despite his early demand that the minority needed a top-notch professional, Scott, when he got the opportunity, treated the opening as a simple patronage position.

Other Senate committees have taken different courses. For years Chairman Russell Long of the Senate Finance Committee kept a tight rein on his small committee staff and prohibited other senators from bringing their own personal assistants to meetings when tax measures were being drafted and voted upon. In this way Long, having the only staff present, dominated the sessions.

Recently Long promised to change his ways. He has offered each committee member the chance to hire his own staff assistant who will be permitted to attend all committee meetings. Why the change of heart? The answer seems to be a Senate resolution introduced February 4 by Sen. Mike Gravel that would authorize additional funds for each senator in amounts directly related to committee and subcommittee memberships. Most senators could hire two or more additional employees for their own staffs, provided they handle only committee business. Despite the total cost of the Gravel proposal—it could run as high as $15 million—the Alaska senator already has 57 co-sponsors.

Not all senators want to increase staffs, but if that is what's to happen, at least the Gravel resolution guarantees it will be done openly. The Senate Rules Committee's public hearings this month on committee budgets, and sessions on the Gravel resolution, would be an opportunity for such openness. Perhaps Sen. Scott, a member of Rules, would like to talk about his own past staff practices. Like the old campaign statutes, the current Senate rules on staff are more loophole than law. Those rules should be enforced or changed.

Since I have twice worked on Senate Foreign Relations subcommittees, a personal note may be appropriate here. There is no practical way for Congress to keep up with the ever-expanding executive branch. Larger staff allocations might as easily make the Senate less, rather than more, effective as an equal branch of government. It already is difficult for active senators to stay in touch with their employees, and growth would only compound that problem. Committees should operate as committees—and not as personal vehicles for the chairmen. If that were to happen it would end the need for minority staffs, which frequently are just political leaf-raking. Fewer rather than more subcommittees—each with specific purposes and limited life spans—could help make the Senate a leaner but more effective branch of government.

An Interview with King Hussein

by Stanley Karnow

Amman

There was nothing especially regal about King Hussein as he ushered me into the modest office of his palace here the other day. Dressed in a brown tweed sports coat and gray turtleneck sweater, he resembled a relaxed young lawyer about to have an easygoing chat rather than a monarch bearing the awesome weight of a nation on his shoulders. But as he leaned forward from the edge of his armchair and began to talk in his measured manner, I quickly perceived that his casual appearance was deceptive and that he is, in reality, extremely tense and almost mournfully grave. And with good reason. For the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan has gone through a series of crises since he ascended its throne as an adolescent more than two decades ago, and its troubles are far from finished. It has had part of its territory amputated by Israel, it has been derided by the rest of the Arab world for its lack militancy, and within recent years its existence has been menaced by the Palestine Liberation Organization and more extremist Palestinian factions, which have sought to take over the country as a base of operations and are still striving to attain that objective. Amid these ordeals, Hussein's position has not only been threatened; he has come close to death on countless occasions. He was nearly killed in 1951, when his grandfather, King Abdullah, was murdered in Jerusalem, and he narrowly escaped assassination as lately as last October, when a plot to kill him in Rabat was nipped in the bud. Understandably then, his principal preoccupation is survival, and in pursuit of that aim, he runs a

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tight military regime that depends both on American assistance and the somewhat fickle support of conservative Arab states like Saudi Arabia. So it is a fragile establishment, and nobody knows better than Hussein that its downfall would mean chaos. "I have no guarantees of security," he told me, "but if I worried about the dangers resulting from my responsibility I would not be able to continue."

Paradoxically Hussein has encountered far more hostility from his fellow Arabs than he has from his Israeli adversaries, and this underlines a curious quality in his relationship with Israel. He shares Israel's apprehensions toward Palestinian irredentism, and like the Israelis he feels beleaguered by dynamic Arab nationalism. But with these common concerns, the two neighbors have failed despite repeated efforts to patch up their differences. Golda Meir met secretly with Abdullah twice in the late 1940s, but according to her account, his initial desire for conciliation evaporated with the decision of the Arab bloc to destroy Israel. After the 1967 war, during which the Israelis extended their control over the entire city of Jerusalem and placed the West Bank of the Jordan River under their military occupation, Yigal Allon, then Israel's minister of labor and now foreign minister, proposed that the Palestinian community in the area be given "home rule" in some kind of federation that would eventually be linked to Jordan. But Levi Eshkol, the Israeli prime minister at the time, shelved the scheme on the grounds that it would arouse too much domestic opposition. In the years that followed, former Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban reportedly had two covert meetings with Hussein's intermediaries in which he suggested that most of the West Bank could be returned to Jordan on the condition that Israel be permitted to keep a line of defensive settlements along the Jordan River. Hussein rejected the idea, but his aides say he recommended to Secretary of State Kissinger last July, after Israel had agreed to minor concessions toward Egypt in the Sinai and toward Syria on the Golan Heights, that the Israelis withdraw to a distance of seven or eight miles from the Jordan River. As Jordanian officials tell it, and diplomats here confirm their story, Hussein was then interested in an Israeli gesture that would strengthen his hand against the PLO, which had already been sanctified at Arab conferences in Algeria and Pakistan as the "sole legitimate representative" of the Palestinians. But as I understand it, Kissinger at that stage was too engrossed in both Watergate and in his step-by-step schedule on the Egyptian and Syrian fronts to focus seriously on Hussein's recommendation, and besides, there were no indications that the Israelis were prepared to displace their military outposts along the Jordan River. So as Hussein put it to me, "another opportunity was lost."

Hussein believes that Israeli disengagement on the West Bank would also have helped to promote his plan for a so-called "United Arab Kingdom" that, in his estimation, would have prevented the rise of the PLO to its present status. Under the plan, the East and West Banks would be separate states, each with its own legislature and fiscal authority, but joined through a central government responsible for defense, foreign affairs and finance. Hussein would, of course, head the central government, and under this system the eastern sector of Jersualem, now in Israeli hands, would belong to the West Bank state but be opened up to peoples of all faiths. One of Hussein's advisers explained to me that the project has a historical precedent in the fact that both banks of the Jordan River, which are inhabited by the same families speaking the same dialect, had been part of the same administrative structure under the Ottoman Empire and were again brought together during the early years of the British mandate. (Grandfather Abdullah annexed to his kingdom the independent Arab state envisioned by the UN partition plan.) Israel spurned the Hussein proposal when it was first publicized three years ago, saying that Hussein had to negotiate the recovery of his territory before he could regulate its future, and most of the Arab leaders denounced it because it supposedly neglected Palestinian rights. The largest flaw in the plan, it seems to me, is that it might attract the million or so Palestinians now residing in Lebanon, Syria, the Gaza Strip and elsewhere, and their return to the region would swamp the Jordanians, who already are outnumbered by Palestinians in their own land. But Hussein clung to his notion until the Arab summit meeting in Rabat last October, and his assistants submit that the idea, though currently in limbo, could be revived within the framework of a broad Middle East settlement. Or as Hussein himself said during our conversation: "My feeling is that the ties between Palestinians and Jordanians are very, very strong, and they will be involved with each other if there is peace."

In Hussein's view, the reluctance of Kissinger and the Israelis to provide him with leverage at Rabat weakened his attempt to dissuade the other Arab leaders there from endorsing the PLO's claim to govern any former regime of Palestine that Israel might relinquish. That argument strikes me as debatable in light of the momentum that was generated in favor of the PLO prior to Rabat. In any case, Hussein is now complying with the Rabat decision by reducing the number of West Bank Palestinians in his cabinet and senate, whose members he appoints, and he will cut down Palestinian representation in Jordan's elected parliament. But he basically distrusts the PLO and its chief, Yasir Arafat, and he intends to do nothing substantive to abet their cause. He has hundreds of agents keeping tabs on the PLO abroad, and he permits only the most innocuous sort of PLO delegation to operate here in Amman. He has postponed a referendum that would have allowed Palestinians living in Jordan a choice of nationality, and

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he cultivates his sympathizers on the West Bank by paying $18 million per year to the area's 6000 civil servants, many of whom also receive Israeli salaries. Intercourse between the two zones is also encouraged by Israel's policy of keeping open the Jordan River bridges. It is expected that Hussein will again reject a PLO request this month to set up armed sanctuaries in Jordan from which to attack Israel since, as one of his aides said, he fears that the guns would be turned against him as they were in 1970. Like the Israelis, consequently, Hussein thinks that the PLO can be "contained," and that it will be withered away by time and internal dissension unless it registers real progress.

Probably nothing has scarred Hussein as deeply as the clash that erupted between his own forces and the PLO in September 1970. For a couple of years before then, frustrated by their inability to penetrate Israeli defenses, the 50,000 Palestinian guerrillas bottled up in Jordan had begun to unleash their passions against the local population. Armed to the teeth, they set up roadblocks, ransacked houses, extorted money and kidnapped prominent citizens, and in one instance, they even detained Hussein's wife, releasing her only after urgent appeals from the royal family. Arafat, who was here at the time, initially preached moderation, but as the radicals in his movement accelerated their momentum, he had to pace them in order to retain his leadership. By September this city was in anarchy as government soldiers and guerrillas skirmished and rival Palestinian factions quarrelled among themselves. Hussein himself came under fire on at least two occasions, and finally, on September 17, compelled by his army to react, he ordered a full-scale operation against the Palestinians. The operation was not launched without careful preparation to prevent its explosion into a bigger conflict. President Nixon put American troops, in Germany and in the US, on the alert, and he deployed the Sixth Fleet, reinforced by additional aircraft, in the eastern Mediterranean. The Israelis meanwhile readied themselves to intervene to block an extensive Syrian move to help the guerrillas, and according to Peter Snow, his biographer, Hussein privately expressed appreciation for their support. The Syrians ultimately exercised restraint, but it took Hussein nearly a year to crush the Palestinians. An estimated 10,000 guerrillas were killed, and although other Arab leaders protested against the slaughter, they confined themselves to rhetoric. The Palestinians avenged themselves, however, by assassinating one of Hussein's closest advisers while he was visiting Cairo, and another former member of the royal cabinet told me that he would be gunned down an hour after he set foot in Beirut and even takes special precautions when he travels to Europe. Security here in Amman is strict. The airport is closed to visitors, and passengers are screened electronically and frisked before boarding aircraft.

It would be logical to assume that Hussein's crackdown against the Palestinian guerrillas has alienated a significant segment of the large Palestinian population here in Jordan as well as on the West Bank. But I discovered after questioning people in both places that such an assumption is not necessarily valid. The Palestinians are the most enterprising Arabs, and many who came here after Israel was created a quarter-century ago have become successful. And though they voice support for Palestinian nationalism, the few I have seen appear to be content to stay where they are. They seem to regard themselves as Jordanians, and in their accommodation they have evidently chosen to stick with Hussein despite his massacre of their compatriots. I found a similar attitude on the West Bank, where people were also vocal in their opposition to Israel and in their allegiance to Palestinian destiny, but they pragmatically conceded that, barring full independence, they could consider the Jordanian alternative. Hussein's aides guess that, if put to the test, the majority of Palestinians on the East and West Banks would opt for some form of Palestinian identity under a Jordanian umbrella, which is what the "United Arab Kingdom" plan offers. Hence they emphasize that a distinction must be drawn between Palestinians and the PLO — asserting, in effect, that the Rabat declaration was merely a hollow document contrived by the Arab leaders to salve their consciences. Other observers here point out, however, that the poor Palestinians languishing in refugee camps throughout the Middle East will not be so easily placated. They are future activists. Jordan may ultimately be more threatened by Palestinians than by Israelis.

There is little that Hussein actually can do at the moment except to bulwark himself internally, avoid antagonizing his foes and hope that events will somehow work to his advantage. In short, he apparently calculates, his best defense is no offense. He is unwilling, for example, to reply positively to indirect proposals by the Israelis that they sidestep the West Bank problem and other matters of mutual security and joint economic development since, he evidently feels, such a move would make him vulnerable to Arab charges of duplicity. He would like to attend the Geneva conference if it is resumed, but he is unsure whether his participation in that forum has been precluded by the Arab vote for PLO legitimacy, and I gather he is counting on Kissinger to invent a formula that would fold him into the negotiations. In the meantime his strategy is patience and prayers that the Arabs and Israelis can somehow come to terms, since he figures that prolonged conflict will eventually knock him off the tightrope he has skillfully walked for so many years. Fundamentally, though, he is not a major player in the Middle East game at present, and the key to his rather poignant mood of uncertainty may be his recognition of the fact that he is being swept along by tides beyond his control.

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Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Seascape

(Shubert)

God's Favorite

(O'Neill)

In 1959 Edward Albee wrote a short one-act play called *The Sandbox* which takes place on a beach and has four (speaking) characters. It's a fantasy about the sterility of contemporary life and the relative authenticity of an older generation expressed in banality à la Ionesco. Now Albee has written a short two-act play, **Seascape**, which takes place on a sand dune overlooking an ocean and has four characters. This new play starts realistically, then becomes a fantasy. It, too, is about some sterilities of contemporary life. It, too, is expressed in banalities, but this time there is no reason to think that the diction is satirical.

When the curtain rises, a middle-aged couple, Nancy and Charlie, are sunning themselves. Almost the first line is Nancy's "Can't we stay here forever?" There, one thinks instinctively, is a hope for some banality-satire. But Charlie's reply, instead of being in a consciously banal pattern, takes that first line seriously. "You don't really mean it," he says sagely. Banality rolls in as the very medium of the piece, and we are off on a trite anatomy of middle-class marriage and spiritual menopause.

They are a typically typical couple: have made some money, have loved and liked one another through ups and downs, have loved and disliked their children, etc. One welcome change in Albee: as against his recent plays, he has here eschewed fake mandarinese. This dialogue is undistinguished, but at least it is decorated only with artificial broken sentences, not with artificial flowers. However he has clung to his pseudo-Chekhovian mode: a chief ingredient of this early section is reminiscence, in wistful voice, recalling one's silly but charming past self. Charlie in particular recalls how, as a child, he loved to sit as long as he could on the bottom of lakes and the ocean when he went swimming, worrying his parents but enjoying himself.

Then two human-size, lizard-like creatures, male and female, appear. Their sudden entry into this realistic play is pleasant: I felt that perhaps the long, basically familiar dialogue up to now was intended to lead somewhere. Anyway I found the lizard folk at least as credible as Charlie's knowing the author of *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife*, which Nancy had asked him. (Anatole France.) The lizards speak English, and we soon learn that they live on the ocean bottom. Since it has been very carefully explained—planted, we can now say—that Charlie used to love to sit on the ocean bottom, it becomes apparent that these two creatures are meant to symbolize hidden aspects of Charlie and perhaps Nancy, who has also expressed interest in the ocean floor. (See the importance of water in Freud and Jung.) Presumably, at middle age, various buried elements in the earth couple have surfaced to be reckoned with.

This is hardly a startlingly original idea for a play, but it's not a bad one. The play itself *is* bad—because it is nothing more than its idea. The conversation before the lizards appear is only remastication of well-chewed play-film-TV cud. The conversation of the foursome is mostly sci-fi cuteness of a slightly refined take-me-to-your-leader kind, two alien societies sniffing at each other. It leads only to some sentimental affinities and some quarrels (meant to alter the tone briefly), with a final imposed determination of the lizards to learn and improve. In short the play never demonstrates in any degree a real necessity to exist. All it demonstrates is that Albee wants to exist, as a playwright. He cooked up an idea—worth maybe a half hour instead of a bloated hour and a half (including intermission)—and then forced some arbitrary trite points into it in order to justify using it. In character, in texture, in theme, *Seascape* is an echoingly hollow statement of bankruptcy.

I think it's fair to make an inference about Albee's career since *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* I think that he is caught in a modern trap. He wrote some good plays when he was young; thus by the conventions of our society, he is sentenced to be a playwright for the rest of his life, whether or not he has anything more, really, to write. This wasn't always so: Congreve, Wycherley, Vanbrugh, Sheridan all wrote some fine plays when they were young; then, for differing reasons, quit to do other things. Nowadays this doesn't seem possible if one has been successful early and then begins to run dry. (And it's not just an American phenomenon; see the work of John Osborne since *Inadmissible Evidence.)* I have no gifts of prophecy and wouldn't want them if offered; but Albee's work since *Virginia Woolf* (1962) seems so much more the product of compulsion to be a writer than to write, that there is no reason to hope for improvement. He's still relatively young and could do a lot of other things if he weren't shackled by fear of being thought a burned-out rocket. (For instance, as many of his comments show, he could be a perceptive critic.)

Albee himself directed *Seascape* with very mixed results. Deborah Kerr plays Nancy as if she were suspended in a noose of arch inflections and expressions. Barry Nelson, one of the last of the standard Broadway leading men—a player with a ready repertoire of "bits"—plays Charlie with modest technical competence. The she-lizard is Maureen Anderman who, completely covered with animal costume and grotesque make-up, still conveys sexuality with her voice and quivering thigh. The he-lizard is Frank Langella, who gives a good stylized performance. (If you saw the recent PBS telecast of the Williamstown production of *The Sea Gull*, you saw Langella play Trepleff, sensitively.) The lizard costumes by Fred Voelpel are excellent.

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

Amarcord. Fellini's exquisite memoirs of his hometown — a lyric about much that isn't lyrical.

Lenny. Dustin Hoffman, Valerie Perrine and Bob Fosse all shine above the script they had to work with.

Murder on the Orient Express. All-star cast in Agatha Christie. Little suspense, lots of corny pleasure.

Scenes from a Marriage. Bergman crammed his 300-minute TV series into 180 minutes, but most of it is absolutely superb.

SK

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Fluid Self-Expression

Henry James Letters (1843-1875) edited by Leon Edel

(Harvard; $15)

The self may be already present in earliest childhood, a homunculus crouched within our infant consciousness like the diagram of the human germ cell drawn by early biologists. But it may more probably be something imported later into our private interior by will and imagination, thrust there by our need to recognize a being with a name in the record of what we do, what we feel. "Finding oneself" is by this theory a choosing, the embracing of a necessary fiction. In this process the maker of literature only enacts more openly what we all do. He must find a subject, and a voice, a literary "I" consistent with his own experience, his own sensation. Such search and adoption never completely stops, of course, and a great writer often revises his literary personality. But somewhere at the beginning he comes upon a formulation authentically personal, worth his signature because truly authored by an identity he has brought to birth.

For Henry James the moment of initial realization may be so precisely identified that we may just now celebrate its centenary. In January 1875 the *Atlantic Monthly* began publication in installments of *Roderick Hudson*, the novel he would always later prefer to think of as his first (he had actually written another a few years before). He was 32 and no beginner when he reached this "beginning." He had already published nearly 30 stories in American magazines. They show him trying out a succession of models, but during these apprentice years he moved inevitably past his own false choices toward the discovery of the literary self, which is the personal self.

His first story was a tragedy of adulterous passion set in a French provincial town, and clearly it took its suggestion from the French writers young James was reading—Flaubert, Mérimée, George Sand, as well as the older Balzac. He continued to exploit modes that were foreign to him, esthetically as well as nationally. But almost immediately he also discovered his own matter in tales suggested by his position as an American traveller in Europe—though even these were inspired by foreign preceptors, Balzac, Mérimée. But James's own feelings about European culture and history, his sense that they offered a problem that was part of his fate as an American—this is already implicit in "The Unknown Masterpiece," and "The Last of the Valerii." *Roderick Hudson* merely realizes and dramatizes in the case of its hero, an American sculptor in Rome, the artist-problem of the first story. The young woman married to her Italian count and his ghosts, is, moreover, a faint sketch of the heroine of his late *The Golden Bowl*.

As James discovered in his "international theme" a vehicle peculiarly suited to his needs, he was forced to wrestle, also, with Hawthorne, the American precursor to whom he felt closest and whose experience of some kind of psychological and cultural self-limitation he feared. Several of these early stories strikingly suggest Hawthorne's New England allegories and sketches. A number, however, seem to come out of his direct response to his own time and place, reflecting his feelings as a noncombatant during the Civil War. They reach clumsily toward a submerged theme, the justification of the sensitive spectator of life's trampling scene, which was always to interest him in his fiction because it bore such deep relation to his own life.

Of course where there was this kind of motive, as in the tales prompted by his international travels, one can see how the testing of imaginative forms sprang out of James' search for life roles. In 1875 he had begun to come to terms with the complexities of being an American who had been taken as a child to Europe several times by a very American father, a philosopher and friend of Emerson who believed that it was important to prevent children from developing fixed—and therefore confining—attachments to any scene or system. This father, whose namesake he was, had been disabled for active life since boyhood by an accident through which he lost his leg, and James was by a suspect coincidence to think himself likewise disabled by an injury to his back suffered as the guns sounded at Fort Sumter. Embracing spectatorship with undoubted guilt feelings (two younger brothers were soon badly injured on the battlefield), James discovered just at this moment his vocation for writing. Here was a means of imaginative participation that brought him close to human trial yet kept him far. His attachment to Europe might also, through fiction, be transmuted into an establishment of relation to his origins.

Already, in 1875, he was a self-supporting writer, though critical reviews and travel notes constitute the bulk of the 231 pieces published in these first 10 years. Now, along with *Roderick Hudson*, he bundled into a book some of the stories dealing with Americans abroad and made up a volume of his travel descriptions; all together his first books made their appearance. Appropriately his life took a pivotal turn, too—he decided to take up residence in Europe not as a temporary visitor, as in the past, but for an indefinite period. Shortly after arriving in London that fall he exulted to his family, "I take possession of the old world—I inhale it—I appropriate it!" What other pacts he was making were not so overtly declared, yet already defined perhaps were the conditions of being that would make him remain a solitary witness to certain kinds of experience though a perfectly social man, and compensate him for all his renunciations.

The letter just quoted from is the latest included in the first volume (1843-1875), to be followed by three more, of James' letters that Leon Edel has edited for the press of Harvard University, custodian of the bulk of the many thousands James wrote. The scale of this edition is more generous than any previous publication of James' correspondence and it has been waited for since 1943 when the James heirs deposited the family papers at Harvard and Edel, as he explains, was given "certain priorities" in regard to their publication. A two-volume edition of James' letters had been edited by Percy Lubbock after James' death and published in 1920; smaller lots of letters to particular persons such as H. G. Wells, A. C. Benson or Edith Wharton have appeared separately, and Edel himself published in 1955 a volume of *Selected Letters*. But it has long been known that these represented a fraction of the hoard at Harvard and elsewhere, for the novelist was an assiduous letterwriter who all of his adult life wrote to his friends and members of his family in an almost nightly ritual after he had put aside his

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manuscript of the moment. Even this new gathering will be a selection from the vast whole, though Mr. Edel assures us he is including everything of interest and importance. Already, in this first volume, we can see what a difference is made by the proportions of this collection, which is corrective, above all, in this early period from which Lubbock had extracted exactly 11 letters, mostly riddled by ellipses. Of course the unpublished correspondence has been drawn upon by Edel in his own five-volume biography recently completed, and to some extent by other writers, but only now can everyone see for himself the chief basis for any biographic study. There is pleasurable reward in this plenitude for its own sake too. James was one of those rare writers whose letters are themselves literary entertainments, whose pen, even dipped for a trivial social note, flowed with felicity and humor.

They tell us much about James' activities and thought, but not everything. These fluid self-expressions even when addressed to intimates such as his brother William or his friend Thomas Sergeant Perry, rarely touch upon the agonies or ecstasies of composition. These he customarily confided to working notebooks, as we know from the small fragment that has survived; but if they ever existed the notebooks for this earliest period have been lost and so, since the letters give no such testimony, we are barred from the creative sanctum, the artist's workshop. The letters seldom touch, either, upon the depths of intimate emotion—the doubt and hope and passion that must have existed beneath the serene social surface the letters show. Many years later he began his own autobiography whose pages do give some retrospective account of the inner James but are so dissolved in the musing mood of the old *littérateur* that one remains still distant from the immediate sensations of the young man. Of course it does not surprise us that he is not particular about matters about which our times have such curiosity—he discusses in family letters the state of his bowels (he was chronically costive), but never breathes a word about his sex life. The gentlewomen with whom he went riding on the Roman *campagna* may well have been, however, only genial friends. And for Minny Temple, the cousin whose early death stirred him so deeply, he declares an exalted emotion; we must infer that passion in this case was suppressed or diverted if it really existed, for he was never, he assured his brother, "in love" with her.

Yet certain issues emerge clearly enough. We can watch him become a practicing professional, no mere dreamer of creative dreams but an ambitious servant of the magazine market. Criticism strongly attracts him; reviewing gives him a chance to theorize upon the art of which he will become one of the great theorists while considering unremembered popular writers as well as Dickens, George Eliot, Trollope, Hardy, Disraeli, Hugo, George Sand, Dumas, Flaubert, Balzac. It is significant that his very first review, an unsolicited offering, is of a now forgotten book titled *Essays on Fiction*. Three years later he writes his friend Perry, "Deep in the timorous recesses of my being is a vague desire to do for our dear old English letters and writers something of what Ste. Beuve and the best French critics have done for theirs." His *tales*, he admits, are written "in a hackish manner, for that which is bread. They *cannot* of necessity be very good. But they shall not be very bad." And, since much of the time he is in Europe, he has discovered his ability in the description of the foreign spectacle for American magazine readers—he practices his reflections and collects his notes in letters home that read like—and are—first drafts of his travel-essays and sometimes of the descriptive portions of his stories. Only toward the end of this period does reporting of this sort begin to pall and he says to William: "The keen love and observation of the picturesque is ebbing away from me as I grow older, and I doubt whether, a year or two hence, I shall have it in me to describe houses and mountains, or even cathedrals and pictures . . . Mysterious and uncontrollable (even to one's self) is the growth of one's mind. Little by little I trust my abilities will catch up with my ambitions." He also tells his brother, "I am struggling through long delay to get at something better than book reviewing. Mine is a slow progression, but a progression, I believe, it is." He is thinking, of course, of the large, self-defining work that a novel might be, and, indeed, already some months later, has begun *Roderick Hudson*.

In one sense, however, the letters do exhibit the deeper problem of what to be, how to be, with which James struggled then. *Where?* was the form this question took. His upbringing, with its early infection of the European virus (as he was to call it), its denial of attachment, prepared him to feel even more strongly than his American predecessors Cooper and Hawthorne the enormous cultural challenge of the old societies and the unbroken connection of all European history with our recent half hour. Literarily he finds Europe richer ground for the study of the human fact—and discovers that the American fact can be posed against this ground and gain definition in his international stories. But did not his own character also need that ground? Was there some hidden personal basis beyond the "complex fate" of being an American with a tendency to overvalue Europe? The letters do not say, and we can only guess what need he had for placing himself at a distance from home, from the close family affections that held him for a lifetime. Maybe there was a need for such a separation as would not deny the bond but only make it a sense of connection extended over an easing distance.

The exterior history, anyhow, can be traced. The earliest James in this volume is a sophisticated adolescent who has returned from Europe in 1858 at 15 after three years of schooling in Geneva, London, Paris. A year later he is whisked back across the sea and writes, "If we are to live in America it is about time we boys should take up our abode there; the more I see of the estrangement of American youngsters from the land of their birth the less I believe in it." The next year his family is again at its favorite American base, sea-girt, still-rural Newport, and he glimpses the creative life in the person of an older friend there, John La Farge. But he passively enrolls nonetheless in the Harvard Law School, though there it is that he begins to write stories instead of conning his law books. The war breaks in upon all; his younger brothers are in the field; the letters do not mention the disablement that he presents so many years later in his reminiscences.

He has not forgotten Europe and now that Perry is there he writes letters of affectionate envy, but also says seriously, "I find myself curious to hear how you feel towards this America—how in your absence you have become affected towards it—alienated or the reverse. 'Tis after all no mean place." But Cambridge, where the Jameses have lived since the end of the war, seems insipid to him, and in 1869 he gets a chance to go to England, France, Switzerland and Italy for the first time. His letters are long and jam-packed with accounts of his explorations. In England he meets literary society and has an unforgettable encounter with the writer

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he admires most, George Eliot ("In this vast ugliness resides a most powerful beauty which, in a very few minutes steals forth and charms the mind so that you end as I ended in falling in love with her"). Italy is still the Italy mostly of Baedeker, but he devours Italian painting and scenery, though confessing that after six weeks he has hardly talked to anyone except hotel servants and the custodians in the churches. Then Rome. It bowls him over, and he describes himself "reeling and moaning thro' the streets in a fever of enjoyment." But later, at Naples, a reaction: "I conceived . . . a tenfold deeper loathing than ever of the hideous heritage of the past—and felt for a moment as if I would like to devote my life to laying rail-roads and erecting blocks of stores on the most classic and romantic sites."

Back again in England he finds that Englishwomen bore him; they lack some quality—"intellectual grace" he calls it—that he remembers in American girls like his cousin Minny. And hardly has this thought been recorded when he hears, in March 1870, of her death. She becomes immediately a symbol of some precious essential in his native world, enrolled in this continuing argument with himself over Europe and America, and he will use her image with all the value that his own problem gave it for ever after; she is the model of his American heroines, "a plant of pure American growth." He had not, it seems, been able to meet and match her vital spirit, but like the America she represented it would be incorporated in his art.

And to this America, to "dear detestable common Cambridge," he returned once more. To his old friend Grace Norton, now taking her turn in Europe, he writes: "I wish I were able to tell you what, now that I have got America again, I am going to do with it. Like it enormously *sans doute;* they say there is nothing like beginning with a little aversion. My only fear is that mine is too old to end in a grand passion." He is irrepressibly flippant about the fine company of Lowell and Longfellow and James T. Fields, the last heard lecturing on cheerfulness "as who should say I know I'm a humbug and a fountain of depression but grin and bear it." He writes, "I feel my European gains sinking gradually out of sight and sound and American experience closing bunchily together over them, as flesh over a bullet—the simile is *apropos!* But I have only to probe a little to hear the golden ring of that precious projectile . . . I enjoy America with a poignancy that perpetually surprises me and have become 'reconciled' to it so many times since the first tribulations of my return that I ought to be a formidable rival of the most popular of fourth of July lecturers. I will not deny however that I am constantly beset by the vision of my return to Europe." He understood that he exaggerated the merits of European life—it was one's American propensity to give it a "superstitious valuation." He did not question but that a really "grasping imagination" would compel his own land to yield its secrets. But did he have that kind of imagination? His friend William Dean Howells lacked it, he thought. "To write well and worthily of American things one needs even more than elsewhere to be a master. But unfortunately one is less!"

And so he goes over again for a while. He still sees mostly fellow Americans in the divine cities of Paris and Rome, and, greatly enjoying his diversions, especially with certain charming ladies in the Roman American colony, he comes at last to complain that "the mark of the friend—the American friend—is on everything." He understands the difficulty of really penetrating the foreign world. "I am overwhelmed by the pitifulness of this absurd want of reciprocity between Italy itself and all my rhapsodies about it. There is certainly, however, terribly little doubt that, practically, for those who have been happy in Europe, even Cambridge, the Brilliant, is not an easy place to live in . . . ." And yet, "it would seem that in our great unendowed unfurnished unentertained and unentertaining continent, where we all sit sniffling, as it were, the very earth of our foundations, we ought to have leisure to turn out something handsome from the very heart of simple human nature." It will be the task of his fiction to prove this too.

The time had come for a decision and for the first large attempt upon the novel. In the autumn of 1874 he went back for a last trial of home, writing his mother, "Be sure about Sept. 4th to have on hand a goodly store of tomatoes, ice-cream, corn, melons and other indigenous victuals." That winter he holed up in New York working hard on the novel and other things, as his mind made itself up. He left again for Paris and the following year he moved to London; he would not be back for seven years.

Millicent Bell

Millicent Bell is the author of *Edith Wharton and Henry James* (Braziller).

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Haleking Elizabethan

Sex and Society in Shakespeare's Age: Simon Forman the Astrologer by A. L. Rowse

(Scribner's; $9.95)

Among the exotic fauna of Shakespeare's London, Simon Forman could best be described as a mudhen. A do-it-yourself physician and astrologer, he spent much of his career dodging prosecution for practicing medicine without a license. He is known today chiefly for notes describing performances of four plays by Shakespeare which he saw at the Globe in 1611 and for rumors that he was an accomplice in the notorious murder of Thomas Overbury by Lady Frances Essex and her maid Mrs. Turner.

The murder charge is false: Forman consulted with Mrs. Turner but he died two years before the unfortunate Overbury was poisoned. Forman's real interest comes from the manuscripts of his diary, autobiography and case books, which are preserved in the Ashmole collection now at the Bodleian Library. These provide a remarkable picture of the underside of Elizabethan life, quite different from the image conveyed in the official histories of the age, and equally different, it might be added, from the statistics about horseshoe nails and grain prices that are the stock in trade of the economic historians.

Most of Forman's clients were from the lower middle class and more than half of them appear to have been women. They consulted him about back pains, ulcers, menstrual problems, kidney stones, venereal disease, sore throats, dropsy and the thousand other ills that human flesh is heir to. When they were not ill, they consulted about personal difficulties. Sailors' wives asked when their husbands would return from voyages. Housewives asked Forman to identify thieves, locate lost articles, and tell where treasure was buried. Young women asked him about their courtships. Matrons inquired whether their husbands were faithful or their lovers constant or whether they should take new lovers. For all of them, Forman took notes, made horoscopes, and added comments about the success or failure of his predictions. (He seems to have been wrong as often as he was right.) He was no Freud but he was honest enough according to his lights. His case books give a view of the London of his day a little like the image of Vienna that might emerge if Freud's raw notes, taken as they came, with names attached, were published.

Forman was born in Wiltshire in 1552. By 1600 he had settled in London and achieved modest prosperity, which increased until his death in 1611. His autobiography and diary are printed in the appendix of Rowse's volume. They are bizarre but rather thin—the former occupying 11 pages and the latter, which extends from 1562 to 1602, a mere 20 pages. The chief interest of the diary is its record of Forman's energetic sex life. He discovered sex in 1582 at age 30, referring to it with the code word *halek*: "This year [1582] was the first time in sum that ever I did halek cum muher." The discovery seems to have hit him with the force of Columbus discovering the New World. After 1582 the diary and case books record haleking with a widening circle of lady friends and patients and (eventually) his wife, whom he called Tronco. At times he haleks with two or even three ladies a day, and five weeks before his death he cast a horoscope to find "whether love grows or declines between me and G. Cole." Occasionally he varies *halek* with *halekekeros harescum tauro*. I suppose this should be translated as "Wow!"

If A. L. Rowse had been willing to let Forman speak for himself, the result would have been a fascinating and valuable book. Unfortunately, he seldom quotes Forman's case books at length, he buries Forman's notes under mounds of genealogical, topographical and miscellaneous information which should have been interred in footnotes, and refers to Forman's works only by page references to the Ashmole manuscripts so that the reader is never certain exactly what is being quoted. The transcriptions are loosely modernized with only the haziest explanation of the principles followed and the book lacks bibliography and other scholarly aids needed to make it readily intelligible. Chapter VI is given over to beating the dead horse of Emilia Lanier as the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets, a contention thoroughly demolished by Trevor-Roper among others. The case is in no way strengthened by Forman's notes, which chiefly concern his vacillation over whether or not to halek with Emilia after she consulted him about her husband's chances for preferment at court. Finally, although the Forman material is interesting and often diverting, it hardly deserves Rowse's claim that with Forman we "look more intimately into the crevices, the secret passages of a man's life, than perhaps with any man who has ever lived [*sic*]. More even than with Pepys or Boswell, Casanova or Rousseau, André Gide or Henry Miller." Twaddle!

For all its faults *Sex and Society in Shakespeare's Age* has considerable interest. Years ago we were taught to think of Shakespeare's contemporaries as "those nutcracking Elizabethans." Forman's case books suggest we should revise that to "those haleking Elizabethans." Or better still, *halekekeros harescum tauro*.

O.B. Hardison

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More Than One

Popular Culture and High Culture by Herbert J. Gans

(Basic Books; $10)

The book is an argument for cultural pluralism based on the relationship between high and popular culture. Gans breaks down the two conceptions of culture into various "taste cultures," defines each according to "the standards of their representative users and creators," contends that all are equal in value and validity, and offers a plan by which "everyone should get the culture they [*sic*] want." The plan is "subcultural programming," which "would create for every taste public the specific taste culture which expresses its aesthetic standards," standards derived from a particular public's achieved level of education. Since Gans concedes that his plan is unlikely to be implemented, he

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presents not so much a policy as a way of looking at culture and society, a cool and steady way.

So cool is Gans' way that one would expect it to cause the shivers. The fact that even in disagreement one warms both to author and argument speaks for the thoughtfulness of the book, not merely in the strategic sense, but also in the care Gans shows his readers. For something that deals almost entirely in generalities, the book moves remarkably well. One reason is that Gans has been so deeply involved with his subject that specifics and examples are effectively implied. The other is tone, self-assured but not argumentative. Here is a man whose considerable intelligence has toted a vast and unwieldy subject until he has been able to force it into a shape. The shape and its attractiveness are key issues, but anyone who argues with Gans, as I do, had better first acknowledge and celebrate an immense, if troubling, accomplishment.

The importance of Gans' book, I believe, has little to do with its thesis which, although both logically coherent and substantively outrageous, is developed in limited terms. The limitations are not due to Gans' professing sociology in humanities territory. At one point Gans observes that "social scientists who live up to [high] culture's writing standards are also read" — he had to be smiling — but the fact is that although it is scary to see the subject of culture filtered through the meshes of social science, even quantified, the total effect is relatively painless. When Gans gives the full definition of high culture as placing "high value on the careful communication of mood and feeling, on introspection rather than action, and on subtlety, so that much of the culture's content can be perceived and understood on several levels," what more is there to say?

No; one must play by Gans' rules, not out of a coy sense of fairness, but because his rules are interesting and instructive. Within them Gans carefully builds a case for the respectability of popular culture, using the arguments of its enemies. Element by element he goes after "The Critique of Mass Culture" and shoots it down with terrific accuracy. His purpose is to level our idea of cultural hierarchies — the book is written to advocates of high culture — and he succeeds, largely on clarity.

Where he gets into difficulty is on popular culture itself. He cites the characteristics of popular culture at the levels of "lower middle" and "low" cultures: 1) "dramatic materials express and reinforce the culture's own ideas and feelings"; 2) "doubts must usually be resolved at the conclusion of the drama"; 3) "the heroes are ordinary people" who "accept the validity of traditional values" and institutions; 4) "issues [of conflict] are always clear." This is interesting, but not true. Rather than being clear and superficial, popular culture is perhaps the most confused and complicated culture available to us at the moment, the more so for its apparent superficiality. It reinforces all values, new and traditional, usually simultaneously; issues are muddled; and in its way it deals with as many complex ideas and feelings as classical tragedy.

Moreover it deals with these ideas and feelings critically; by continuously hurling its barrage of competitive values it allows us to see and criticize ourselves and our history. This exercise of criticism is a fundamental part of popular culture, and of high culture, and it is valuable to all "publics" and "tastes" in direct proportion to the effective communication of its criticisms. Those who disapprove of popular culture do so on the grounds that it conveys nothing worthwhile. Gans disapproves of the disapprovers for social reasons, but in essence agrees with their presumption. The main fault of Gans' book is not that he appreciates popular culture too much, but not enough.

The other fault is that he pays no more attention to criticism as an ingredient of culture than as a function of culture. It is false to suggest that the right of people to choose among a variety of cultures is in hypothetical conflict with the need for critics to assert and encourage standards of esthetic and moral values. Criticism is as much the culture as art; there is no way that critics will regulate their powers to suit specific "taste publics," even (perhaps particularly) in the interests of keeping culture safe for a version of democracy.

Despite the title of his book, Gans is more concerned with society than with culture or taste. He argues for the good and right society through stratified tastes and standards. Such an achievement is equally impossible and undesirable. The good and right society has culture as its lamp and mirror, but as Gans says himself, needs food, health and fairness more than art. Gans has given us less of a definition of culture than a social document to which a conception of culture has been fitted. In my view his conception is incomplete, and therefore unsatisfactory, but his

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understanding of the difficulties that different groups face is both deep and moving. He undoubtedly has opened a major intellectual debate.

Roger Rosenblatt

Roger Rosenblatt is director of educational programs, National Endowment for the Humanities, and the author of *Black Fiction* (Harvard University Press).

On the Road

Journeying by Nikos Kazantzakis

(Little, Brown; $7.50, $3.95 paper)

If you're bored with travel writing that gives you a roadmap sense of a place but not its spirit; if you've traveled the prose of Lawrence Durrell's Cyprus and Rebecca West's Yugoslavia and their landscapes, lying somewhere between fiction and reality, still linger in your mind: read *Journeying*, the latest of Nikos Kazantzakis' travel journals to come our way, and it comes, unlike the others, in resplendent English. The places are Sinai, Jerusalem, Egypt, Cyprus, other points in the Middle East and Italy. The time is 1926 and 1927. And the essays are some of the loveliest, most personal, most singular travel pieces to appear in a while.

Kazantzakis was famous as a travel writer in Greece long before he finished his *Odyssey* and wrote the late novels that gave him international prominence. Travel was one of the great passions of his long life, a passion so great, for instance, that when Nietzsche was his god, he traveled to all the cities and towns of Germany where the philosopher had lived. When Lenin was his god, he visited the Soviet Union three times. It was between two of these visits — one of them for the 10th anniversary of the revolution — that he went to the Middle East and Italy and published his impressions in the Greek press. Framed by his Moscow memories, these *Journeying* essays are framed as well by his deep faith in communism, a faith that calls up some of the most stirring pages in the book as well as its bigotries.

The focus is on the East and its survivors and their postwar struggle for their racial identities. With the keen perceptions of a journalist and the narrative powers of a novelist, Kazantzakis places the present moment in profile against the impetus of thousands of years of history, creating a past as brilliantly alive as the present. In Egypt he sees a dead infant at a roadside, waiting for burial until his parents can leave their work in the fields; and he sees a vain and ancient thirst for immortality in the dead magnificence of temples and pyramids. In Palestine he visits the first groups of Jews in their agrarian collectives, planting, building, hoping; in Sinai he takes the journey through the desert wilderness that the Hebrews took when they fled Egypt and forged their race and created their God. Along the Nile he sees the *fellaheen*, the peasants, part of the brown landscape, half animal, half human, tied to the seasonal rise and fall of the river as securely as they're tied to the mud-streaked existence of their ancestors. Throughout his journey he sees a vision of an awakening East in the first signs of patriotism and political stirrings, and he predicts the wars that are to storm 40 years later. "The fate of the world will shift from the West to the East. And when I say East I also mean Russia."

His politics upset many of his first readers as heatedly as his baroque style upset others. At a time when the last geographic areas of old Greece were recently restored after centuries of Ottoman rule, the Greeks were asserting their classical heritage, even in literary matters. Kazantzakis' travel writing, a mixture of journalism and fiction and sudden shifts to dreams, legends, flashbacks and editorials, resembles a Gothic cathedral more than a Doric temple. Readers today will find that even decades of experiments in English prose won't stale the fresh turns that his writing takes. There are imbedded short stories: the dazzling reign of Ikhnaton and Nefertiti, a cameo preview of the Egyptian sequence in the *Odyssey;* the temptations of St. Francis of Assisi, a thumbnail sketch of the novel to come; a Bedouin father in the Sinai desert negotiating the sale of his daughter in marriage; Samuel anointing David King of the Jews. Other surprises reveal other talents: Kazantzakis interviewing Mussolini turns into Mussolini interviewing Kazantzakis.

A major drawback is Kazantzakis' account of his talks with Cavafy, the Greek poet of Alexandria. Their meeting is of interest because the two men are now considered the leading Greek writers of the century (at least outside of Greece), and because even glimpses into Cavafy's personality are rare in English. Fresh from Moscow, he connects the poet with the "old" East of empire and exploitation and decadence, probably because he was elegant in appearance and his family exported grain and cotton.

> *He should have been born a Cardinal in fifteenth-century Florence, privy councillor to the Pope, special envoy to the palace of the Doge in Venice, spending his years drinking, loving, idling about the canals, writing, keeping his silence — and negotiating the most satanic, involved and scandalous affairs of the Catholic Church. . . . Cavafy is among the last remaining flowers of a civilization. With double, faded leaves, with a long, sickly stem, without seed.*

And he identifies the poet with the dying Antony in one of Cavafy's celebrated poems, *The God Forsakes Antony.* And there's more literary dovetailing, slick, ingenious and dead wrong; a socialist's bias and at the same time a projection of Kazantzakis' panicking machismo. Like Greeks then as now, he's shamed by Cavafy's homosexuality, the subject of some of his strongest and most poignant poems. He vilified a man of intellect and dignity. And according to the record, Cavafy's political views were quite liberal, he worked for a living, and he was never rich.

Similar, hidden fears darken the Cyprus essay, one of the most curious pieces Kazantzakis wrote. He visits Paphos, birthplace of Aphrodite, the boldest *femme fatale* in European culture, and he describes the sea and sky in all their ravishing, feminine beauty. He tells a vivid and disturbing childhood memory of a female insect devouring her mate as it struggles and throbs, and recounts incidents and dreams just as symbolically telling. The honesty, the self analysis, the deep moods recall Strindberg.

As for the translation by Themi Vasils and Theodora Vasils, it's among the very few English versions of Kazantzakis that avoid the strident tones and melodramatic effects that glare in the others (an inferior translation of the Sinai segment has appeared previously in *Report to Greco).* He does not translate easily, and what's brilliant in Greek may turn soppy in English. These translators are particularly skillful in dealing with

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the rush of adjectives that mark his style without heaps of Norman Mailer clutter or pack-train lists.

John Fludas

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Recent Fiction

The Clockwork Testament or Enderby's End by Anthony Burgess

(Knopf; $5.95)

The Clockwork Testament or Enderby's End is Burgess' 16th novel, his 13th since *A Clockwork Orange*, his fourth since *Enderby*. He has also written 12 books of nonfiction and translation. "Bloody rot," Enderby might sputter, "I won't stand for this counting up of books. Bloody defensive pretense of civilization. Stop it."

Enderby is an English poet serving time in grotesque Gotham, teaching writing, somehow combining Clark Kent and Walter Mitty, and mixing them all up in his irate protestations against the downdrift of the world. Enderby believes, like his hero—the heretic Pelagius of the early fifth century—that man is free to choose good or evil and that everything depends on that freedom, for there can be no good men unless they have had to choose good over the predominance of evil. The book is about the way Enderby keeps saying that, over and over: to students, to derisive talk show audiences, to beautiful and mad assassins, to louts on subways.

Why is everyone worried about Enderby? Because he provided the idea for a movie based on Gerard Manley Hopkins' poem, "The Wreck of the Deutschland." The filmmakers have asserted not poetic but celluloid license in their treatment, including a central rape of nuns, and the movie has occasioned several outbreaks of violence. All of which are now blamed on Enderby.

Never accuse Burgess of complicating our ideas about the world's workings. Oh! The world is so dumb. Only Enderby is still cultivated, and as the title suggests, he dies out, leaving only folly, promiscuity, louts, assassins, mad women, angry blacks, slothful students and vulgar talk shows—all hidden beneath a cloud of smog, to be visited occasionally "under the aegis of Educational Time Trips, Inc."

There are Vonnegut afficionados, Brautigan fans and Pynchon addicts—but can there really be Burgess buffs? There must be, or else the publishers are losing a heap of money. Worldly but world-weary, committed but disengaged, passionate but juiceless: Burgess buffs must be human oxymorons. They must be interesting folks, but aggressive about their supposed superiority. They must be committed to secondary things, to the placing of things, to the construction of attitudes toward things. Don't touch that thing! Make an attitude toward it! Defend that attitude! Burgess has mastered distaste. He loathes things and people involved with things. In the first novel devoted to him, Enderby left his wife when she picked her ears with hairclips, her teeth with a bus ticket and her priest in a dress shop. In this second Enderby novel the distaste is for Enderby's own dentures, the hair in his nose and ears, and his coming end: "the great bloody muckheap of multiplicity . . . from which he wanted to escape but couldn't." Multiplicity confounds schematic attitudes.

The dialogues in *The Clockwork Testament* are straw dialogues, set pieces that Enderby wins outright or wins covertly because the ostensible winners reveal their boorishness by their conquest. These conversations recall that secret desire of smartly verbal people everywhere, at any time: to win with words, to let the wit start winging when the toughs get going. Enderby is better at winging toughs, evidently, than he is at writing poems. But even the dialogues are sour, because they are steeped in Enderby's petty gloating over his petty wins. Having decided that the world is a loathsome place, what joy or seriousness or honor is there in proving the prejudice? Enderby is meant to be a qualified hero, his death a mock tragedy, but it's difficult to take his muddled life as anything more serious than Burgess' recoil from multiplicity while attempting to make a little more money from an old character. Burgess and his editors must think there are more Prufrocks still buying books than I think there are.

W. T. Lhamon, Jr.

W.T. Lhamon, Jr. is professor of English at Florida State University.

A Month of Sundays by John Updike

(Knopf; $6.95, $20 boxed, signed)

John Updike emerges in his new novel as a writer of sermons. And a splendidly witty sermonizer he is. Perhaps one can see his work tending that way: the minister in *Rabbit, Run*, the father in *The Centaur*, Rabbit himself *Redux* as a social commentator.

The sermons in *A Month of Sundays* are written by a *bona fide* preacher, the Rev. Thomas Marshfield, shipped off by his wife and his assistant to a desert retreat. Tom has been easing the distress of his female parishioners by applying himself. His multiple adulteries are uncovered for us as he writes daily during his month in the sanitarium. Despite the absence of calendars in the retreat, his priestly inner clock still ticks and each Sunday he breaks his narrative, which is not altogether chronological, to preach a sermon. Quite fittingly, the first one is on adultery: A for the beginning, A for his first mistress, the church organist Alicia, A for the scarlet letter.

Hawthorne's novel is, in fact, echoed throughout. Marshfield may lie a brief distance from Dimmesdale, but Tom's wife Jane is née Chillingworth and the keeper of the sanitarium, his muse, the last woman Tom longs to get into bed, is a Ms. Prynne. Updike's parishioners, however, are unlike Hawthorne's Puritans: Tom's affairs are not a sin to them, only a social gaffe. His wife is not overly distressed when Alicia confronts her; Jane knows Tom won't leave her and it's Alicia who backs out, losing her position at the organ. Her knowledge even whets Jane's lagging sexual appetite. The husband of another woman (Frankie, with whom Tom is surprisingly impotent) is also understanding so long as he can be reassured his marriage won't dissolve. Marriage is still a sacrament,

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and adultery is one of its rituals. Tom writes that he's "married to goodness," as if it were forever. Divorce then, not adultery, is the sin in the community.

For Tom the situation is more complex than for his communicants. His marriage is "works without faith." He relates, almost equates, religion and sex, and in his first sermon manages to prove that "we *are* an adulterous generation; let us rejoice." In one of his confessional flashbacks, limp once more with Frankie, he urges her to blaspheme, hoping both to hurt her and to arouse himself. It works, although he doesn't get inside her fast enough. Nevertheless, immediately afterward his affairs are discovered and he is rusticated: for adultery? for impotence? for blasphemy? Blasphemous he cannot serve, impotent he cannot service. The dilemma demands a pause for recollection. After this point in his manuscript his sermons are increasingly more orthodox and appear to be winning praise from prying Ms. Prynne. One should never conclude, however, that Tom is repentant.

But he does turn his attention now to his fellow inmates, all ministers undergoing refrocking, Jamie Ray, Fred, Amos (a Biblical preacher, of course, whose name is the acronym of the novel's title); he ministers to his golf and poker cronies. His rehabilitation takes the form of his calling. His last sermon, certified preachable by Ms. Prynne, is on the nature of the ministry: "No man, unless it was Jesus, believes. We can only *profess* to believe . . . to provide men with the opportunity to profess the impossible that makes their lives possible . . . and though the man . . . become degraded beyond the laxest of his flock, the priest can continue to perform his functions." He must return to his community a more potent preacher; his potency as a lover seems now restored as well. Updike makes this clear by rewarding Tom on the morning of his departure with a bedside visit from the hitherto unimpregnable Ms. Prynne, a rather unconvincing stroke that trivializes sex by turning it into a Sunday school prize, and turns the novel's movement into a kind of joke with her visit as the punch line.

Indeed, despite the excellence of Tom's sermons and one very moving scene with his father in an old age home, the novel is plagued with jokes. Tom is forever typing and then annotating Freudian slips: "flesh" for "flash"; "unpraised" for "upraised" phallus—"my uxorious lament in an uninvited consonant." These appear to decrease as the month wanes, as if the slip—or Fall—were necessary for self-scrutiny and the writer gradually on the way to redemption.

For all its cleverness—maybe because of its cleverness—the novel as a whole is shallow in a way that its sermons are not. The male characters are sketchy and the female characters are by and large only the locations for sexual congress (pubic hair, breasts, mouths). Is this view of women part of Tom's early sexual hysteria and not part of the author's vision? (*Couples*, Updike's novel about a man who liked sex, pretended to be a novel about a man who liked women; the present novel at least does not confuse the issue.) Significantly, Tom rediscovers his vocation by ministering to *men;* that he can deal with women either as man or priest is uncertain, especially since late in the manuscript he confesses that his fall was "into the abysmal perplexity of the American female . . . and such is the demonology that the case needs for cure another woman" (*i.e.*, Ms. Prynne). This kind of silliness ascribes perplexity to the women, notice, but never to Tom.

Even if we do not suspect that the author shares Tom's beliefs about women, they certainly share their attitude toward language. In a recent *New Yorker* cartoon (by Koren) a couple with a shaggy monster staring over their couch explain to friends, "We deal with it by talking about it." Updike, like Roth in his recent *My Life as a Man*, seems to believe that when a character tells his own story, suffers, explains—confesses—he will automatically become worthy of our attention if he can finger all the ironies. It's a view somewhere between Brooks-and-Warren and Sigmund Freud. Even our minister tells us that "irony is the form our damnation takes now." The prose *is* clever, of course—*A Month of Sundays* must have been fun to write—but only as a writer of sermons is Tom worthy. The distinction between man and priest may hold for him, but it cannot hold for us; in both roles he's still a character, and like other characters he's a bore. Clever language and witty design are not cure-alls, nor is confession; both can be tedious. One may be saved by faith and works but not by speech, by the Word, but not by words.

Joan Joffe Hall

Joan Joffe Hall is on a year's leave from the University of Connecticut, Storrs.

Monsieur
by Lawrence Durrell

(Viking; $8.95)

While the rest of British fiction has been marching steadily backward into a sober 19th century realism, Lawrence Durrell has doggedly refused to budge from his experimental, post-Proustian niche. He is endeavoring to resuscitate a dead tradition, the avant-garde movement of Eliot, Joyce, Lawrence and others, a tradition closer to us than the world of George Eliot, which is undoubtedly one reason why Durrell is a more successful steward of *his* tradition than Angus Wilson and Anthony Powell are of *their* dogged, anemic social commentaries.

The crushing supremacy of the new realism, however, seems to have retarded Durrell's reputation until the appearance in 1957-60 of the popular and critical blockbuster, *The Alexandria Quartet*. The general reader responded to its exoticism and melodrama, the critic to its bravura prose style and elaborate structure. Durrell was acclaimed a new Major Novelist at once. He followed with several works—*e.g.*, *Nunquam, Tunc*—that unmistakably failed to confirm his new status, being little more than *divertissement*.

Durrell's latest novel, *Monsieur*, can perhaps be seen as an effort to regain his footing in the world of letters by returning to the serious, thematically weighty stance of *Quartet*. The setting is (in part) Egypt and, as in the earlier work, the characters are members of a sophisticated international set. The search for love is again a prominent theme, as are such Durrellian preoccupations as the multiplicity of truth, the salutary effects of Lawrentian primitivism and the nature of the artistic process. As for the characters, the incestuous relationship of Sylvie, the heroine, and her brother Piers is, in certain ways, interchangeable with the Pursewarden-Liza affair in *Quartet*. Another cryptic, wealthy, philosophical Egyptian, Akkad, turns up to fill in for Nessim, and Rob Sutcliffe, an abrasive and tortured writer, is almost a reincarnation of Pursewarden.

Happily there are important differences. In *Monsieur* the sinister, labyrinthine melodrama is provided by a secret society of Gnostics. The mysterious death of Piers, a member of the cult, is the novel's point of departure. Considerable momentum is generated by the determined sleuthing of Bruce, Piers'

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brother-in-law, who seeks to wrest some explanation for the "suicide" from a handful of clues, documents left behind in the family vault and his own recollection of a hair-raising Gnostic ceremony years before. Clearly this is a thriller formula, but Durrell gives it a high gloss—and even some substance—through his technical expertise; skillfully, he is able to fuse past and present events in his story, two disparate settings (Egypt and Avignon, where the death occurs) and two discrete religious societies (the Gnostics and the medieval Knights of Templar, who are the subject of a treatise Piers has been writing).

Durrell's ambitions reach far beyond the genre of escape fiction, but his ability to sustain them is erratic. After successfully engulfing the reader in his dark, sensuous plot, he continually inhibits its flow with long, anti-Christian sermons by Akkad, who appears to be capable of carrying out the ritual murders his sect practices by simply boring people to death. Equally lethal are the tedious, crabbed, frequently incoherent extracts from Sutcliffe's notebooks. In general the characters occupy a limbo halfway between real people and extravagant symbols.

As always Durrell's style calls attention to itself emphatically and here too the blessings are mixed. The rank, decaying beauty of the Provençal and Egyptian locales is particularly well served by Durrell's luxurious language, with its lush fertility of image. For example the ménage of Bruce, Sylvie and Piers blooms for a time in the "quiet parentheses" of Avignon, where the "rogue wind" scatters the "olives into screens of silver-grey, supples out cypresses like fur," and rushes "to explode the spring blossom of almond and plum like a discharge of artillery." Unfortunately Durrell often lets his prose turn tropical; like dense, overgrown foliage (as he might say), it crowds out important events and obscures the characters it should clarify.

The brilliance that Durrell flickeringly displays in *Monsieur* makes its deficiencies all the more regrettable. Admittedly this is a decadent sensibility, forever crying for madder music and stronger wine, owing as much to Norman Douglas and Aldous Huxley as it does to Proust and Joyce. Still, he is an intriguing and erudite decadent; his gargoyle-like characters are distorted in fascinating poses and expressions and the baroque passageways of his plotting take many an ingenious turn.

Rather than settle for the minimal returns of crippled genius, one would like to see Durrell regain the form he displayed in the *Quartet*. At this point the gloomy obsession with death one encounters in *Monsieur* is relevant (an unhappy ending leaves most of the main characters dead, insane or emotionally bereft). Durrell, at 62, may be experiencing the familiar intimations of mortality that are reflected in the late works of many an author. One hopes, however, that in this case the art does not die before the man.

Robert F. Moss

Robert F. Moss teaches English at Rutgers University, Camden, and has contributed to *The New York Times* and other publications.

Fine Print

Small Presses at Work

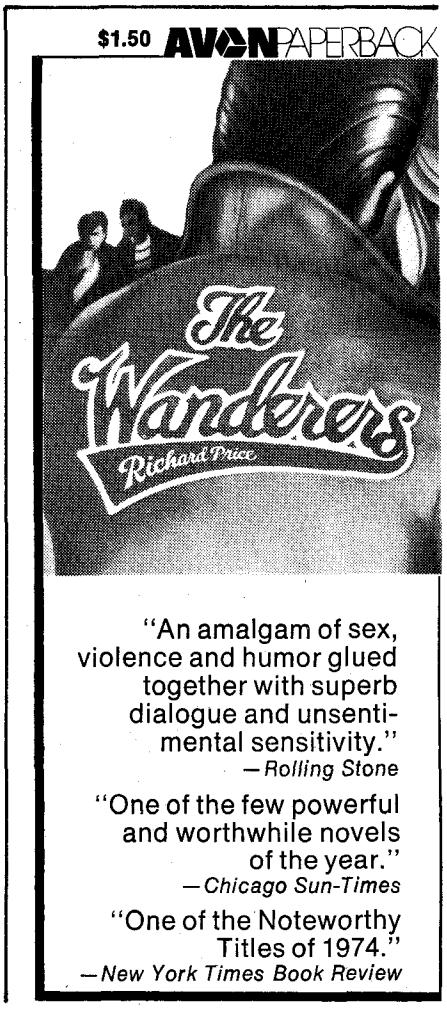
Doris Grumbach

My bookshelf has been collecting small-press volumes ever since last July 7 when I visited the crowded, exciting booths of the first New York Book Fair for alternative publishing and expressed interest in what I saw displayed there. What follows is a (necessarily) scrappy survey, not of all there is, but what has been sent on to me that I have read and found especially good:

• **The Smith/15.** Published by The Smith, 5 Beekman Street, New York 10038, and edited by Harry Smith (a lot of Smiths here). I have not seen the earlier numbers of *Smith*, which is published three times a year and is, by its own definition, "the strongest magazine. The most general magazine." That is not too far off the mark, it turns out; *15* is full of readable stuff by some promising writers I didn't know of until now (Leonard Chabrowe, Madeleine Clostigan), in addition to a short story, "Episode," by James F. Farrell that will take you back a long way, to the days of Studs Lonigan. Move quickly over the poor, boastful, self-involved preface by Dotson Rader (when small-press publishing is bad it is very bad indeed, and when it is *good*. . . .); the rest is fine.

• One of Thorp Springs Press' editors wrote to report further news of Julia Vinograd, the street-seller poet of Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, about whom I wrote once before (*TNR*, July 27, '74). I reproduce Foster Robertson's description of Julia's activity partly because I hear so many anguished complaints from authors about their publisher's lack of promotion and circulation of their books. Probably some of the complaints are reasonable, but it is nonetheless refreshing to read about the energetic activities of Julia Vinograd on behalf of her own work (**Street and Feet;** $1):

She came by Thanksgiving week with a bundle of poems and wanted a book out two weeks before Christmas to sell in the street bazaar that was gathering in unusual glitter along Telegraph Avenue for that season. She and I edited it together that afternoon and we did get 100 to her on the 16th of December (which she had sold by 2 the next afternoon, a Sunday). She sold five hundred the next week and we kept busy through the holidays putting together the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—Chicago Sun-Times
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—New York Times Book Review

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2,000 we had printed. Now, a month later, she has peddled 1,600 of this first 2,000.

Thorp Springs Press publishes as well a good poetry journal, **Hyperion** ($4 subscription, published "seasonally"). Its 11th issue (December '74) has worthy poetry by Michele Murray and Gene Fowler, a tight, elegant lyric by Walter Sullivan; these brief mentions do not exhaust the pleasures of the issue.

Another notable small press is Ithaca House (108 N. Plain Street, Ithaca, New York). Three of its recent volumes are at hand. I found S. D. Skillings' stories in **Alternative Lives** ($4.95) both lucid and, at the same time, pleasurably dense; I recommend for a first taste of Skillings (if, like me, you haven't encountered him) his story called "The River." And Steve Katz' **Cheyenne River Wild Trade** ($2.95), short taut poems, the shortest of which is

Hedda Hopper — c'est moi

with no apologies necessary to Flaubert. They've also published David Warren's **The World According to Two-Feathers** ($2.95), a short novel, or novella, whose Indian hero will be most easily recalled (the flat, monotone narrative style not being my dish of tea) because of his name: Stinkhorn.

The Crossing Press (Trumansburg, New York 14886) has a volume of poems by Alta (full name), **I Am Not a Practicing Angel** ($3.50). Marge Piercy has written a nine-line poetic foreword. The illustrations are by Raymond Larrett, a pop artist, who varies from skillful to amateurish, who does little for the poems. Forthright, fresh ("sassy" is what Annie Gottlieb calls them in *Viva*), they are open-faced and curiously androgynous at times: one does not know (or really care) whether her beloved is male or female, an added refreshing dimension.

Sonia Sanchez' **A Blues Book for Blue Black Magical Women** (Broadside Press, 12651 Old Mill Place, Detroit 48238) is a choice addition to the Broadside Poets Series that regularly prints the work of such excellent writers as Don L. Lee, Etheridge Knight, Dudley Randall, Nikki Giovanni and especially Gwendolyn Brooks. I heard Sanchez read her work on a *Black Box* cassette ("Fine Print," Feb. 1, '75), so it was pleasurable to come upon her again in print: direct, clear, poignant, ringing stuff. She is especially moving in long poems, parts of which are intended to be sung, like "We are Muslim Women" and "In the Beginning."

Broadside is also publisher of **Betcha Ain't,** poems from Attica, edited by Celes Tisdale ($2.50). Harsh but often sensitive writing, this collection was born soon after the September '71 uprising at the prison; the editor, not a prisoner, taught writing in the workshop for which, he says, funds are no longer available. He tells us in his introduction (and I agree) that the collection is "an experience."

The Feminist Press (Box 334, Old Westbury, New York 11568) is responsible for **Why Would A Girl Go Into Medicine?** ($3.50), by a doctor who signs herself Margaret A. Campbell. It is a survey of the status of female medical students in American colleges. The pseudonymous Dr. Campbell collected information that indicates that some degree of discrimination against women

The Bilious Astronaut

We of the small dynasty of Tang, who
venture toward uncommon discomfort, know
better than most each excremental chore
on the ultimate camp-outs of our day.

Yet I, for one, have failed to blast beyond
my mother's kitchen. There I savored her
sticky batter, bowl and spoon, was to that
buzzing earth irritant and distraction.
Childhood—then and now the great eternal
bore—itched to get her scrapings, milky sweet
upon the tongue, prelude to the odor
of yellow cake firming in her oven!

My kids—indolent sex-maniacs, large-
eyed and shabby as old dogs—rest here, wait
for me at a just remove from danger,
ignorant and fond. I'm glad of furlough,
to lie upon the yeasty loaf of my wife's
tanned curves, her face a salt chowder biscuit.
Everything mechanical in the house
lurched askew while I was gone.

Gratefully
I fall to this heap, float the dark of
a warm pool with algae that is lit by
the tropic moon—more mist than reality—
and am undeceived by the sense of space.

Patricia Wilcox

Patricia Wilcox is a poet who lives in Binghamton, New York.

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exists in almost every aspect of their contact with the medical profession. Some of the discrimination is a result of policy or procedure on the part of the institution; some is overt, some very subtle. The instances cited and the evidence gathered of all types of discrimination is "an unremitting recital of Bad Things," but the author points to some positive aspects: 140 of the 144 respondents to her questionnaire urge other women to join them in medical school. The path ahead for such hardy souls does not seem easy, from the pre-medical level on.

Finally, I would not want to pass over **City Lights Anthology** (City Lights Bookstore, 1562 Grant Avenue, San Francisco 94133; $5.95), which is somewhat old by now in terms of publication but certainly not in interest. Edited by Lawrence Ferlinghetti, this volume is international in its scope, from Allen Ginsberg's fine "Jaweh and Allah Battle" to a short poem by Voznesensky to a lecture on Marxism and feminism by Herbert Marcuse delivered last March at Stanford, to a novel translation "into American" by Bertrand Mathieu of Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell*. Memorable: Ginsberg's account of his meetings with the silent Ezra Pound in 1967, which concludes: "Leaving from door I demanded, 'Well, say *Goodnight!*' He nodded amiably, said, 'Goodnight.' So I left." This piece is illustrated by a haunting drawing by Roland Topor—in other words, all kinds of worthy things, intriguing things here.

(To be continued next week)

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Readers on the Middle East

To the editors:

In "Learning the Wrong Lessons" (*TNR*, Feb. 1), *The New Republic* argues that it is wrong to abjure the use of force in international affairs. That would be the wrong lesson of our involvement in Vietnam. "All sorts of limited interventions are possible, if they are part of a policy in which means and ends are commensurate."

The editorial insists that in the case of Vietnam means and ends were not commensurate. American policymakers should have been aware of this, and not acted as they did. But the fact is that in the early stages of our involvement every consideration was given to keeping the means commensurate with the ends as they were seen at the time. That McNamara argued that it was necessary to develop the ability to fight limited wars does not mean that he thought it desirable for the US to get into *any* war. He, like others, believed at first that it was right to become involved in this particular limited war.

The trouble with reserving the right to intervene with force when "means and ends are commensurate" is that the determination of what is commensurate is completely subjective. Kennedy and Johnson and their advisers always followed the premise that means and ends should be commensurate; escalation took place step-by-step as winning, or not losing, became more important. *The New Republic* regards the behavior of the oil-producing countries as "aggression" against "the economies of the developing and developed worlds"; other reasonable persons may deny that there can be aggression in the absence of physical violence. *The New Republic* may come to see the blocking of oil-producers' "aggression" as an end that justifies the use of 1000 troops, or, just to be safe, 10,000 troops. In 1962 the commensurate means to achieve a just end in Vietnam seemed to Ngo Dinh Diem 100,000 American troops, to Rostow and Taylor 10,000 troops, to President Kennedy 1000 troops, which he dispatched—a modest commensurate means.

There necessarily will be disagreement as to whether a particular end justifies the use of force and of how much. But beyond that, there never can be assurance that the application of force will secure the planned objective. It is deceptive and dangerous to think of placing your soldiers on someone else's land as the mere use of commensurate means. You never know when you are stepping into a quagmire. It has to be brought home to all governments that resorting to force rather than continuing to talk is not acceptable.

Paul Marx
Hamden, Conn.

To the editors:

You are to be congratulated for your editorial "On Force: Learning the Wrong Lessons." It was a sophisticated and convincing analysis.

Sometimes Western foreign policy seems to be a Greek cycle of overreactions: Munich was, in part, an overreaction to the disillusionment over World War I; Vietnam was an overreaction to Munich; and now, in overreaction to Vietnam, people seem willing to ignore essential interests in the Middle East.

Thomas C. Horne
Phoenix, Ariz.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

Reviewing Albee's last play *All Over* (*TNR*, April 17, '71), I noted that Broadway had one serious writer and one comedy writer, Albee and Neil Simon. Now Simon, too, presents a new play; almost simultaneously he announces that he is moving from New York to Hollywood and is less interested in the theater than he was.

His new play proves it. **God's Favorite** is one more reworking of the story of Job. (Remember MacLeish's *J.B.*? Perhaps, like me, you'd rather not.) This time the locale is a present-day Long Island suburb, and the protagonist Joe Benjamin is a wealthy Jew. Comic black servants. Comic, faintly swishy messenger of God who complains about his low take-home pay. A running gag before the play is two minutes old. (Joe's daughter comes down in the middle of the night to investigate trouble and we get a litany from her father of "Close your bathrobe.") About the play itself—its comedy as well as its purported religious affirmation—I'll only say that if I were God I'd be sufficiently insulted to shift the plagues from the protagonist to the playwright.

As Joe, Vincent Gardenia is encouraged to regress into his stock of *shtick* instead of growing in a way he has sometimes shown. The rest of the cast shall be nameless. But I name the director, Michael Bennett. This show has the look of a script that Mike Nichols rejected, so they got a director to imitate him if possible. Don't, as they used to

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say, take any wooden Nichols.

A couple of months ago the Sunday critic of *The New York Times* told us that, this season, Broadway was coming up roses. Well, as far as scripts are concerned, we've had only the manure on the garden up to now. Some good performances from British and American actors, but no new plays of consequence from anywhere.

Broadway, if it needs saying, is feeble. It seems to be getting feebler, since Simon is leaving and Albee insists on staying. No, it won't die, so you can go on calling it the fabulous invalid if that cheers you. But if Broadway is feeble, the *theater*—meaning everything in this country that actors do in front of audiences—is kicking, irritating, troublesome: therefore alive and interesting.

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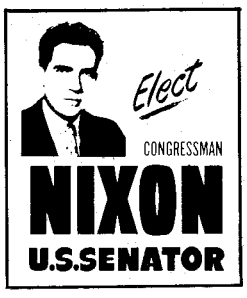

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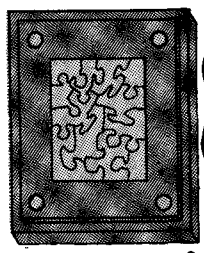

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The Trans-Alaska Pipeline.

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A report on the most remarkable private construction project in American history.

FEB 19 1975

Far above the Arctic Circle on Alaska's North Slope lies the largest oil field in North America. The Prudhoe Bay oil field holds an estimated 10 billion barrels (one barrel equals 42 gallons) of crude oil.

For years engineers have generally agreed that a pipeline would be the most economical way to get the oil out of this wilderness.

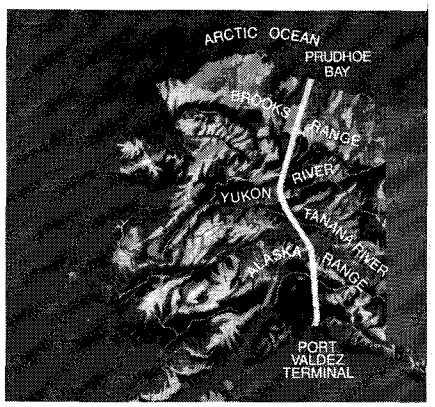
In 1974 work began on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System—the largest single construction project ever undertaken by private industry.

It took over one-half million tons of steel to make the 798 miles of pipe for the project. The sections are 40' and 60' long, 48" in diameter.

The route

The Trans-Alaska Pipeline System will be about 798 miles long—winding its way from Prudhoe across the rugged face of Alaska to Valdez, a deep-water port in southern Alaska.

The Pipeline must cross 3 major mountain ranges, including the Brooks Range, where it will snake through Dietrich Pass at 4,500 feet elevation. It will cross 17 major rivers, including the Yukon, third largest in North America.



The 798-mile Trans-Alaska Pipeline System may ultimately carry 2 million barrels of oil a day from Prudhoe Bay to Valdez.

At the southern terminal point in Valdez, the oil will be loaded into ocean-going tankers and shipped to the U.S. West Coast.

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Ownership of the Pipeline is held by eight companies, with Exxon Pipeline Co. having a 20 percent interest. These companies formed *Alyeska Pipeline Service Co.* to design and construct the Pipeline.

What's happening today

Right now, thousands of men and women are working on the Pipeline at many different camps spaced along the route. Employment will reach a peak of 15,000 workers at 29 camps.

The highest hurdle for the Pipeline will be the 4,500-foot-high Dietrich Pass in the Brooks Mountain Range.

The present schedule calls for the Pipeline operation to begin in the summer of 1977 at 600,000 barrels a day, with capacity of 1.2 million barrels a day shortly thereafter. Ultimately, the pipe may carry 2 million barrels a day. This important new source of oil will help America become more self-sufficient and less dependent on foreign oil.

For additional information on the Trans-Alaska Pipeline System, write: Exxon Corp., Dept. T, Box 1147, Ansonia Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10023.

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